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THE RIGHT MORAL INFLUENCE AND USE OF LIBERAL STUDIES. A discourse delivered after the annual commencement of Geneva College, August 7, 1833, at the request of the Alpha Phi Delta and Euglossian Societies of that College. By Gulian C Verplanck. 12mo., (p. p. 47.) New York. Harpers, 1833.

AMONG the improvements of modern times, there are none more deserving of public approbation than the modes of educating the young, and the subjects of study which are given for their edification. Time was when hours, weeks, and even years, were devoted to the consideration of subtleties, calculated, it is true, to sharpen the intellect, but which were in themselves of no possible utility or advantage, — or to expounding theories spun out of imaginative brains, but which, being unfounded in induction and unsupported by demonstration, were, each in its turn, consigned to oblivion, or opposed by some newer hypotheses, which were again to give way to the next coinage of the imagination. The learning of the ancients consisted in the acquisition of abstract knowledge, neither in itself nor in its consequences applicable to the events of mankind, — in nice points of grammatical distinction, — in the profession of opinions different from those of the generality of mankind ; — a disputatious spirit, a bold defence of novel theories and an acute perception of verbal beauties, constituted the main characteristics of the ancient philosopher.

A very slight observation of the learning of the ancients, will convince us of its almost total inutility. Their theology was notoriously defective ; — monstrous superstructures raised upon absurd foundations ; their gods as multifarious as their passions and desires, and the attributes of those deities such as would, in the present times, disgrace the lowest walks of our population. Their ethics, founded on such a theology, must necessarily be, and so in fact they were, loose and ill-defined, erroneous in their structure and neglected as to their practice ; — their actions, under the influence, as they believed, of an all-directing, and irresistible fate, and having but little reference to responsibility in a future state, were such, of course, as would shock a pious disciple of the Gospel morality ; many of their very virtues and vices were the direct converse of such as we call by those names under the Gospel dispensation ; the whole series of the national life and manners, such as can hardly be looked upon, at present, without horror and disgust ; and only useful so far as exhibiting the natural degradation of human reason when left to its own unaided efforts. Their phi-

losophy was in no cases experimental, unless indeed we except those of astronomy and geometry; the latter was pure and unadulterated, and naturally became adapted to the improvement of mechanics, but the former, with a few observed truths, was mixed up with innumerable blind theories, and gross absurdities. *Experimental* philosophy they had none, for investigation was no part of the philosopher's business; — he generally built his system first, and then twisted every thing to agree with it; — each was, in fact, a bed of Procrustes, where every thing was to be either lopped or stretched, until it should fit or correspond; — and when all this was effected, we may still cry "*cui bono?*" Nothing was done or taught, that affected either the conveniences or actions of mankind. — nothing that ameliorated the human condition, improved the heart, softened the manners, or even fixed the principles. The whole frame of human society was unhinged, the public mind floated upon a sea of conflicting opinions, successively thrown from wave to wave, unless the man clung obstinately to one of the many rocks, which presented themselves above the surface.

It would be hard and unjust, however, to leave the ancients, with this load of uncompromising and almost unmitigated obloquy fastened upon them. They would receive much less than justice at our hands, and we should also draw down deserved reprehension upon ourselves, particularly when we add the just admission that a correct study of the ancient writers is one of the best foundations of a good modern education. The objections, which have been made to the ancient modes and subjects of education, were founded on the conviction that, *directly*, they were useless, and that *utility* formed no part of the consideration in their construction. But we must not forget their historians, their poets, and their orators; neither ought we to forget their grammarians — as such. It is true that under the term grammarian, was included not only rhetorician, but frequently moral philosopher, also; and, although in the last character they were nearly always erroneous in their principles, yet, under the two former, a very important service has been rendered to the cultivation of the mental faculties. All the beautiful points and peculiarities of language came under the examination of the grammarian and rhetorician, all those nice shades of distinction, which have rendered the Greek language more expressive and poignantly touching than any other, either in ancient or modern times, have sprung from the discriminating hands, and finely balanced judgment of this class of men, and, — a consequence of which those grammarians never dreamed, — the analytical study of their principles of language has been the best and truest foundation of modern eloquence in speech, and of modern elegance in writing.

The same remarks apply to the historian and antiquarian of ancient times, that have just been made of the poet, the orator, and the grammarian. Such men as Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, are more than sufficient to redeem the learning and the studies of a country from obloquy, since a nation that could induce such writers on history, as those, to *attempt* their tasks, must have, not only faculties, but inclinations suitable to the right study of man, and must have taken some steps towards the promotion of such a study. But the application of history was, with them, confined to one branch only of human action and conduct, — that of politics. We do not find that history and antiquities were ever studied for the

purpose of improving the heart or of enlarging the benevolence. The actions of mankind, among the early nations of fatalists, were not squared by the same rules, encouraged by the same hopes, restrained by the same fears, as those of the people who have had the advantage of that perfect moral and religious code, such as it is our blessing and privilege to live under at the present day. We therefore find that, among them, every thing that could be deemed noble or virtuous, was referable, finally, to an ostentatious motive, and, so far from being under the influence of humble submission to the will of the Supreme Disposer of events, obedience to his laws, or springing from philanthropy of the heart, it was, in almost all cases, to be traced back, either to the purpose of self-exaltation among their fellow-citizens, or was in conformity to what they were pleased to term, "the fitness of things."

In later days the abuses of learning have not been much less than in those of the heathen philosophy. The middle ages present a melancholy picture of the state of the human intellect generally, and of that of school controversy, in particular. And no wonder that such should be the case. The dreadful inroads made by the barbarians, from all points, upon enervated and depraved Rome, were so extensive in their operations, and so continuous in their progress, that we have rather reason to wonder that so much of ancient literature remains to us, than that so great a proportion should have perished. But how did it survive? Amidst the sacking of towns and the destruction of all that was held valuable in science, — when every thing that appertained to literature was even hunted after with the most ferocious avidity by the warlike barbarians, who actually deemed learning a crime; — when temples, palaces, libraries — the last principally collected at vast expense, — were all committed with unsparing hand to the flames, and their votaries doomed to miserable fates, — how did letters survive?

In the cloister! In the cells of a class of men, who, by common consent, have been loaded with opprobrium. The monks, in their retreats, nursed carefully all that remained of science and of literature. Whilst the fierce and ignorant conquerors, the chiefs and their followers, of the hordes who had overrun the fair face of the civilized world, were first dividing that world among themselves, and then fighting for each other's allotments, the monks, in their convents, were brooding over the relics of degraded learning, carefully imbibing, among themselves, all of ancient lore which they could collect and communicate to each other, and engrafting upon it such additions as infant Christianity could assay to harmonize with it. To such men we owe the preservation of all that is deservedly valuable of ancient writing and philosophy. It is not here intended to defend the principle of monkish retirement. The world has claims upon the active exertions of every one who is born into it, in like manner that every one has claims, to a certain extent, upon all around him; and he is but as a soldier that deserts his post, who quits the scene where Providence has placed him, for no better reason than to enjoy individual ease, or to dedicate himself totally to a life of devotion. But whilst we deprecate such a misapplication of the time and of the intellects, and whilst we attach a certain degree of blame to the principle, which could actuate to such resolutions, let us accord to them the just meed of thanks for being the

careful depositories of treasures invaluable, and which must have been utterly lost but for their fostering care.

"But,"—it may, perhaps, be said—"look at the monstrous absurdities which these men have broached,—observe the ridiculous hypothesis of the early school divinity;—the public indignation and risibility have been alternately raised, upon reviewing the subjects of theological discussion among these recluses." This is very true, and yet it is perfectly consistent with what we know of human nature. Men shut out from the world, and poring over abstruse speculations, will be very apt to build speculations again upon those which have occupied them, more particularly when they have mastered the more obvious truths. Having a great deal of leisure, and but little opportunity, — or even inclination, — for investigation, their minds begin to take a range in the mazes of conjecture; these conjectures are mutually communicated, and, by degrees, find their way into the world. They themselves, in the course of time, having become considered as the lights of the world, their speculations are looked upon as profound and important, and a tone is given, by these musty speculators, to the literary and religious pursuits of the age. It is true, that many of those studies were ridiculous, and all of them useless, as regarded the practices and the necessities of the times, but they served to sharpen the wits, and prepared the ground which should afterwards bring forth fruit to perfection.

In course of time there arose a Bacon in the philosophical world. The renovator of science shall he be called?—He deserved a higher title. He was in fact the founder, for he tried every theory which came under his observation by the touch-stone of truth. Bacon was the first man who refused his belief to a popular hypothesis until it had been analysed and demonstrated. Under his hands truth began to find a permanent footing,—eyes that for centuries had been hood-winked, or covered with a moral film, perceived now the first dawnings of the light of science, and feet which had hitherto wandered in the mazes of error, or at least had wearied themselves in unprofitable paths, began now to search after the right path to wisdom, and to step with care and consequent security. The dreams of the schoolmen gradually passed away as the shadows of night fly before the first tints of Aurora; the precursor of true science was quickly followed by the goddess herself, attended by her immortal ministers, Boyle, Newton, Locke, and a host of illustrious colleagues, and from thence may be dated the application of learning and philosophy, to the necessities, the comforts, the elegances of life,—the advancement of arts,—the melioration of the condition, the improvement of the minds, the refinement of the feelings, the just sense of religious obligation of the human race.

Then came the real triumph of the ancient writers. When the mind and the understanding come to be investigated upon true principles, it is delightful and edifying to look back upon the lucubrations of the sages of yore; to travel with Herodotus and compare the manners of the times and nations which he describes, with the same nations of our own days; to reflect upon the mutability of human affairs, to consider how empty was the ambition of a Sesostris, the accounts of whose exploits are doubtful, and whose very existence is little more;—to examine the doctrines of the sages and thereby to humble our own vanity by reflecting upon the monstrous absurdities to which the unassisted spirit may lead us;—to glow

with indignation over the orations of a Demosthenes, as he recounts the indignities offered to his country by an over-weening and ambitious monarch barely emerged from barbarism, and to lament with him the degeneracy into which that country was rapidly sinking;—but above all to soar with her poets “into the heaven of heavens” and draw “empyreal air.”

We have no doubt that it was with such views before him, that the learned and eloquent author of the tract which heads our article, pronounced the discourse at Geneva college. It would be saying little and insufficient, merely to observe that it does not fall short of the excellence of those which we have already had occasion to notice. A careful perusal of it will shew that there was expressed in it not only the power of the orator, but also the learning of the Professor, and we might almost say the anxiety of the parent. It addressed itself directly to the subjects which had for a length of time occupied the attention of the students; it was calculated to repress the youthful vanity which might be ready to plume itself upon the acquisition of knowledge obtained, by shewing that the amount of such knowledge was after all but sufficient for the formation of greater and more essential; it was calculated to rouse the ambitious to continue in a successful and honorable career, by shewing the effects of perseverance, and the advantages it produced to society, as well as honor and distinction to the agent; it incited to an application of all that had been taught, to useful and practical purposes, as far as such could be effected, instead of sitting down, like our monks of old, to conjure up visionary ideas, and fritter away useful truths in the pursuit of chimerical fallacies. Let us hear how earnestly and affectionately he reasons upon the presumption of human learning in the young.

“ Unless he has been singularly ill-taught, or worse misled by his own vanity, he will know and deeply feel that the learning he has now gained, is but an imperfect fragment of the science actually acquired by man, and far smaller and more imperfect still, when compared with the knowledge within the ultimate grasp of the human intellect. He will feel too, and willingly confess, the feebleness and darkness of human reason itself, in its highest state of mortal perfection. But that learned humility, thus rebuking intellectual pride and checking presumption, will not make him undervalue the treasures of true science or chill his gratitude for being enabled to know their worth and extent. How abundant, how varied, how magnificent is the wealth of that intelligent treasury thus laid open to him! But how does that magnificence grow upon us, filling us with reverent awe, when we reflect that the science and literature of the present generation are the accumulated fruits of the labour, patience, observation, experience, experiments, sagacity, and genius of countless myriads of minds all guided to one end, and combined and harmonized in one common purpose, by the overruling providence of the Father of lights, who as it seemed good to him, from time to time, put wisdom and understanding into the hearts of men. That common purpose is no other than the improvement of the human race.”

Perhaps there is nothing better calculated to repress the pride of human reason, than such a recapitulation of the gradual and slow steps by which mankind have risen to their present attainments in practical philosophy, as Mr Verplanck has given in the early part of this address. Our heart has accompanied him as he traced the progress of Astronomy from the Chaldean shepherds, or the Egyptian agriculturist, each of whom was closely interested in watching the appearances and the courses of the heavenly bodies as indicative of times, seasons, or objects of importance to the watcher. We have already had occasion to use the same line of argument

and almost the same modes of expression* as the learned orator; and it is no small delight to our feelings to find such a congeniality of sentiment with such a heart as his, though in so trivial a matter. He points out the gradual expansion of the doctrine of numbers, and its consequences upon the arts and sciences; he shews how complete was abstract science, ages ago, yet how limited was its operation, till, by what the ignorant man impiously calls accident, but the more observant philosopher admits as a second cause, the telescope is invented and the loadstone discovered. Then, with such agents to assist his reckonings, he launches forth into the ocean of discovery, and enriches himself with the treasures which they enable him to seize.

After all this contemplation, he produces a consequence equally honorable to his heart and to his head.

"But why — you may justly ask me — why, and for what end are these praises of education, this recapitulation of the glories of science and the riches of literature, all of which has already our full and unhesitating assent? It is not, I reply, to flatter the vanity of scholars that I thus speak, or to contribute in any degree towards leading you to think yourselves wiser or better than other men. My main object in thus reminding you of these topics was to infer, from the consideration of these glories and benefits of study, that of the duties which they impose. Let me then, for a short time, claim your attention, and ask you to consider with me, what ought to be the moral influence of a sound and liberal education.

"It is to the consideration of what *ought* to be, that I now invite you, nor to that of what *must be* or commonly *is*. I would speak of the just influence of such studies, not of their necessary or even ordinary effect. I would speak, not of the selfish, or worse than selfish purposes of intellectual pride or personal ambition which they may subserve, but of the legitimate and awful claims of society, of our country, of the human race, of the moral constitution of our nature, of the great Author of being and fountain of all wisdom, upon the scholar in every country, but especially in our own, for the proper government and improvement of his faculties, and the right application of his acquirements."

It is well observed, both by Mr. Verplanck and other correct thinkers, that there is in the occupation of a person's life, no discovery so trifling as to be cast altogether from the memory without the wish or the expectation to revive it again; neither is the sphere of any man's exertions so contracted that he shall be incapable of doing something beneficial either to himself or to his neighbor. Pascal, Franklin, and Grotius, have been happily selected. The first, as founding important mathematical theories, whilst making calculations on the throwing of a die, — the second making grand discoveries on heat and electricity in the midst of mere amusements; and the third writing a text-book for all the civilized nations of the world, on the great relations of war and peace, whilst in poverty and exile from an ungrateful country. A fourth name has been added to these, but of his claim to so high a meed of praise we confess we have some doubts. Lord Mansfield was undoubtedly a great lawyer, — but he was as certainly a very partial judge when the interests of the crown were concerned. He may be entitled to some credit for his administration of justice in *commercial* relations, but he could have little to do as a legislator. The chief-justice of the Court of King's-Bench has no sinecure; his labors are heavy and incessant, and it is little that he effects in the way of framing a bill and carrying it through Parliament. With regard to the liberty of the subject, his patriotism is very doubtful; he was ever an enemy to the liberty of the

* See vol. i. p. 68, 69.

press, that palladium of British liberty ; and, to speak briefly, in terms which every American will understand, he was the man who most frequently and most heavily fell under the lightning-flash of the great and good Lord Chatham. But to return.

It is by observations such as these to which we have alluded, and to precepts adding examples such as have been adduced, that the understanding is opened to a due sense of what is required from such preparations. Of what avail is it to heap a mass of intellectual riches, if it is to be laid aside to grow mouldy, unsightly, and forgotten, as in the case of those who plunge into dissipation and pleasure, unmindful of the talents committed to their charge, and even disdainfully rejecting its acquaintance — or, on the other hand, brooding over it within the closet or the laboratory, wasting it in chemical experiments, frittering it in useless refinements, dreaming, and hypothesising, yet never producing any beneficial results, and finally passing away without adding one iota to society, or to the science which, under more proper direction, the party might have adorned and benefited. Such is too often the case, and most eloquently and pathetically has Mr. Verplanck expressed his lamentations upon it ; his words on such occasion should be engraven on the heart of every student, and let them serve as a warning to him to exercise his talent to advantage.

“ How seldom have the wise wisdom enough to know how to use their wisdom aright ! Scenes of bounty and justice, bright views of faith and honour, of generous motives and adventurous undertakings crowned with merited success, all lie spread before them as in one delicious landscape ; but the toys and trifles of selfish aggrandizement or grovelling desire are immediately before their eyes, engrossing their whole attention, and quite shutting out the diversified and magnificent prospect. The talent of such men may have been invigorated by education, but being never given to the defence or the service of their country or their neighbour, it is like that acquired by the training of the boxer to be wasted in idle contests for paltry rewards.

“ Foolish and unfortunate men. They know not what they lose. In thus applying to selfish aims and with selfish motives that which was given for the use of society, they narrow their own capacities to the scale of their objects of pursuit. The eye of the judgment adapts itself to the minute trifles on which it is habitually employed, and becomes feeble and dim-sighted to larger and distant objects. The intellect, whatever skill and adroitness it may acquire in its way, is dwarfed down to trickish schemes, sorry arts, and petty intrigues. Thus do they lower themselves in the rank of intelligent beings. They shut themselves out from the best delights of rational existence.”

With all our admiration, however, of this learned and warm-hearted orator, we are under the necessity of qualifying that admiration by a *but*. We concede to him the truth and happiness of the remark, that “ to create the rough materials of literature, myriads of human beings must have thought, and felt, and acted, and suffered.” That

“ The creative genius of the most original of the writers of our own day, even of those who are commonly thought self-taught, must have borrowed the groundwork of its inventions or speculations from past events, and doubtless owed much of its elevation, excitement, and splendour, to the poets, authors, or orators of former ages.

“ The inspiration of the master-spirits of other times, glides like the electric fluid from man to man, until its flame lights up in some distant but congenial breast, where, probably, their own words and thoughts have never directly reached. Burns, for instance, original and fresh from nature's mint, as his glowing lay confessedly is, could scarcely have been what he was, had Homer and Horace never lived, — had not the common mind of his age and nation, and thus, incidentally, his own, been influenced and modified, been exalted and refined, by the warlike and trumpet-tongued muse of Homer and the laughing wisdom of Horace. Now the poems of Homer and Horace are but the product and the proof of a fore-gone and multitudinous activity of thought, passion,

and action, in successive generations of men who were once interested and agitated by plans, schemes, and contests, by emotions, rivalries, strifes, ambition, and pleasures, which have long been stilled for ever."

But when he informs us, that

"The great works handed down to us from antiquity resemble those immense mounds or forts found on our western plains, the monumental and the sole remains of whole nations who have vanished for ever from the earth, whose fame, whose power, whose genius, exploits, character, history, whose very name and language are no more;"

it is a contradiction of his own principles. In what respect can the works of antiquity, which are the pride of literature, be like things whose *name*, *fame*, *form* and *language* are no more. On the contrary, they will never expire nor be forgotten until time shall merge into eternity, and this last remark of Mr. Verplanck only shows, that even the most sagacious and cool-headed reasoner will at times lose sight of propriety, for the sake of rounding a period.

We are glad to have even this small peccadillo to reflect upon, for of all things we dislike that mawkish thing, a monster of perfection. The discourse, as a whole, is a masterly effusion, and one which, if our wishes could influence the whole scholastic fraternity, should be publicly read in every school in the union.

We take leave of it with sentiments of sincere respect.

SONNET — ROME IN RUINS.

From the Spanish of Quevedo.

PILGRIM! in vain thou seek'st in Rome for *Rome*!
 Alas! the Queen of nations is no more!
 Dust are her towers, that proudly frowned of yore,
 And her stern hills themselves have built their tomb.

Where once it reigned, the Palatine in gloom
 Lies desolate; and medals, which of old,
 Triumphant trophies, power and victory, told,
 Mouldered by time, speak only of her doom.

Tiber alone remaining — he whose tide
 Circled the royal city, now with tone
 Solemn and sad, weeps o'er her hopeless fall.
 O Rome! thy grandeur and thy beauty — all
 Have passed away; — and of thine ancient pride,
 That which *seemed* fugitive survives alone!

E.

THE FALL OF MURRAY.

OR, THE BRIDE OF BOTHWELHAUGH.

PART II.

I gazed upon him where he lay,
 And watched his spirit ebb away :
 Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel,
 He felt not half that now I feel.
 I searched, but vainly searched, to find
 The workings of a wounded mind ;
 Each feature of that sullen corse
 Betrayed his rage but no remorse.
 Oh, what had vengeance given to trace
 Despair upon his dying face.—

BYRON.

THE severity of winter had already begun to relax, although the season of its endurance had not yet passed away ; for, as it not unfrequently happens, the unwonted rigor, which had characterized the last months of 1568, was succeeded by a scarcely less unusual mildness in the commencement of the following year. The air was mild, and for the most part southerly, and the continuance of soft and misty weather had clothed the meadows with a premature and transitory verdure. The young grass pushed forth its tender blades from the mound, which covered all that earth might claim of the hapless wife of Hamilton, the small birds chirped above her silent home, and in the vales, which she had gladdened by her presence, it seemed as though her gentle virtues were forgotten, almost before her limbs had perished in their untimely sepulchre. One heart, however, there still beat, that never would forget—one heart that would have deemed forgetfulness the deepest curse it could be made to feel, although the gift of memory was but the source of unavailing sorrow and despair ! Experience has fully shown, that to no frame of minds is grief more poignantly acute, than to such as, having been fashioned by nature in a stern and rugged mould, averse to sympathy, and hardly susceptible of any tender emotion, have, by some fortuitous circumstance, and in some unguarded hour, been surrendered to the dominion of one master passion, which has worked in time an entire revulsion of their feelings, and changed the very aim of their existence. Such had been the fate of Bothwelhaugh ; restless, fierce, and ambitious, as he has been pictured in his unbridled youth, accustomed to speak and think of women with licence and contempt, he had been affected by the sweetness and pure love of his young bride to a degree, which souls like his alone are able to conceive, and when deprived of her, in a manner so fearfully horrible, and with details so aggravating, the effects produced on his demeanor were proportioned only to the event which gave them birth.

No sudden burst of violence, no fierce display of temper, such as, in his days of unrestrained indulgence, he had been wont to shew at the loss of a favorite falcon, or a faithful hound, followed upon this his first true cause for sorrow. Not a tear moistened his burning eyeballs, not a sob relieved the choking of his throat, as he followed his first and only love to her

eternal home; a heavy stupor was upon him; he moved, spoke, and acted as if by instinct, rather than by volition, and there were those who deemed that his brain had received a shock that would paralyse its faculties forever, and that the high-souled and sagacious Hamilton was henceforth to be rated as a moody, moping idiot. Not long, however, did this unusual temper continue; for scarcely had he seen the last remains of the only being he had ever loved committed to earth, ere, to the eye of a superficial observer, he appeared solely occupied in the management of his departure from the patrimony of his immemorial ancestors; — few, indeed, and brief were his preparations, — a charger of matchless strength and symmetry, was easily provided on that warlike frontier, to supply the place of that which had borne him on his fatal journey, — his arms were carefully inspected, the rust wiped from his two-handed blade, and the powder freshened in his clumsy but effective fire-arms; and lastly, a dozen of the hardiest riders of the border side had preferred the fortunes of their natural chief, although his star was overcast, to the usurped dominion of him, who, by the haughty Regent's favor, possessed the confiscated demesnes of a better and a braver man. Mounted on horses famed for their hardiness and speed, and trained to all the varied purposes of war, — their bright and soldier-like accoutrements contrasting strangely with the wild expression of their features, their untrimmed beards, and shaggy locks, — the small band, as they leaned on their long lances, or secured their slight equipments, around the solitary tower, in which their leader had passed the melancholy hours of his sojourn, presented a picture of singular romance and beauty. Horses neighed and stamped in the echoing court-yard, armor clashed, and spurs jingled, and louder than all were heard the eager and excited voices of the untamed borderers; but every sound was hushed as their stern chief came forth, surveyed the harness of every trooper, and the caparison of every steed in silence, threw himself upon his horse, and wheeled his handful of men at a hard trot upon the road towards the Scottish capital. Hardly a mile of their route had been passed, and the troop was diving into the very glen which had witnessed the downfall of Hamilton's sole earthly hope, when the vidette fell hastily back with notice of the approach of horsemen. Hurrying forward, they had already cleared the ravine, when they beheld some half score lancers winding down towards the rugged ford, the followers, it seemed, of a knight who had already passed the river. — There needed not a moment's halt to array his fresh steeds and ready warriors for the charge, if such were to be the result of the encounter. At a glance had Hamilton discovered the person of the Regent's minion, the cold-blooded, relentless, hater, who had wreaked his coward spite upon his unoffending, helpless wife, nor were his followers slower in recognizing the usurper of their chieftain's patrimony. With a fierce and triumphant yell, they dashed their spurs into their horses' flanks, and with levelled spears and presented match-locks, threatened inevitable destruction to the victim, who was thus hopelessly surrendered to their mercy. The nearest of his train was separated from him by the wide and stony channel of the Eske, nor was it possible that he could be joined by succor in time to preserve him from the fury of these wild avengers. To the astonishment, however, of both parties, Bothwelhaugh, who had only learned the deadly intentions of his men from the hoarse clamor with which they

greeted the appearance of their destined prey, himself reined up his horse with a shock so sudden that it had nearly thrown him on his haunches; "How now!" — he shouted, in the short tones of resolution — "vassals! halt, or I cleave the foremost to his teeth! Saint Mary aid us — but we have fair discipline!" His determined words, no less than the readiness, with which he had upon the instant beat down the lances of the fiercest troopers, arrested their wild violence; and before the intended victim had prepared his mind either for resistance or submission, the peril was at an end. Wheeling his party upon the narrow green beside the bridge, the bereaved husband halted, awaiting the approach of his wife's destroyer, with an apathy which, to the veterans who had followed him in many a bloody day, appeared no less incomprehensible than shameful: while one by one the enemy filed through the narrow pass, formed, hesitated for a space, and then, perceiving that no opposition would be offered to their progress, marched onwards with a steady front, and well dissembled resolution. Last of the troop, with downcast eye and varying complexion, as though he scarcely dared to hope for mercy from a man whom he had so irreparably injured, rode the usurper, expecting at every step to hear the border slogan pealing from the lips, and to feel the death-blow thundering from the arm of him, to whom he had given such ample cause to curse the hour when he was born. Motionless as a statue sate the noble Hamilton on his tall war-horse, his broadsword at rest within its scabbard, and his countenance as calm, and almost as dark as midnight; — yet whatever were the feelings that induced the borderer to forego his vengeance, when circumstances thus wooed him to the deed, it was evident that mercy had no place within his soul at that tremendous moment. The heavy gloom that dimmed his eye — the deep scowl upon his brow — the compression of his lip — and the quivering motion of his fingers, as they hovered upon the gripe of his dagger, betokened no slight or transitory struggle; and the deep breath drawn from the bottom of the chest, as the hated minion disappeared, spoke, as plainly as words, the relief which he experienced at the removal of so powerful a temptation. "No!" he muttered between his teeth — "It would have been a deed of madness! — To have crushed the jackall would but have roused the lion into caution! Let them deem me coward — slave — fool! — if they will — so I have MY REVENGE!" Again he resumed his route in silence; nor did a word, save an occasional command, fall from him by which the train of his sensations might have been discovered; all day he pursued his march with unwearied diligence, barely allowing such brief intervals of rest as might enable his cattle to proceed with recruited vigor, — and, while toiling through the deep morass, or over the pathless hill, night closed starless and overcast above his houseless head; but little mattered it to such men, as that determined soldier and his rugged comrades, whether night found them on the lonely moor, or in the lighted hall, and if they thought at all upon the subject, it was but to congratulate themselves on the fortunate obscurity which agreed so well with their mysterious enterprize.

The second moon was in her wane, from that which had beheld the death of Margaret and her miserable babe; yet the savage executor of her fate lorded it securely in the halls, which had so lately been the dwelling of female innocence and peace. For a while men looked for a sure and

speedy retribution from the fatal wrath of him, who had never yet been known to fail a friend, or to forgive a foe ; yet day succeeded day, and, with the impunity of the murderer, the astonishment at first, and ere long the scorn of all, pursued the recreant husband and fugitive chief of a name once so noble. Some gray-haired veterans there were, who would ominously shake their heads, and press their fingers to the lip, when topics such as these were broached, or hint that the Lord of Bothwelhaugh would bide his time, and that, if he were unaccountably slow in seeking his revenge, he paused but to *MAK SICKER* ; * generally, however, an idea prevailed that the spirit of Hamilton had been so utterly prostrated by the blow, that no gallant deed of vengeance, — which was held in those days of recent barbarism, not only justifiable, but in the highest degree praiseworthy and honorable, — was now to be dreaded by his foes, or hailed by his firm adherents. Little, however, did they know the man whom they presumed to stigmatise as a recreant, or a coward ; and still less could they conceive the change, which had been brought about by a single event in his formerly rash and unthinking temper. Once, not an instant would have elapsed between the commission of the crime and its punishment ; — once, he would have rushed upon a thousand perils to confront the man who wronged him, and would have set his life at nought in avenging his tarnished honor. Now, on the contrary, his bold and open hardihood was exchanged for a keen and subtle cunning ; now he hoarded, with a miser's care, that life which he had set upon a cast a thousand times ; not that he loved his life, but that he had devoted it to the attainment of one object, which had become the single aim of his existence. It was from the quiver of Murray that the arrow had been selected, which had pierced his love, and he haughtily overlooked the wretched villain, who had aimed the dart, in his anxiety to smite the mightier though remoter agent, who had furnished his tool with that power which had destroyed his all.

Successful in his ambitious projects, backed by the almost omnipotent league of the covenanted lords, wielding the truncheon of the regency as firmly as though it were a royal sceptre, feared and honored by Scotland, respected by the lion-queen of England, Murray entertained no doubt, harbored no lurking dread, of a man too insignificant, as he deemed in his overweening confidence, to cope with the occupant of Scotland's throne.

Returning from an expedition through the vales of Eske and Clyde, whose romantic waters had been dyed with blood by his remorseless policy, leaving sad traces of his progress in smoking villages and ruined towers, he had reached Linlithgow on his progress towards his capital. Surrounded by a select force of the best warriors from every Lowland plain or Highland glen, he had entered the antique town as the last sun, that was ever to set for him, sank slowly into a bed of threatening clouds : and all night long, the streets of Linlithgow rang with mingled sounds of war and revelry. From leagues around, the population of the country had crowded in, to feast their eyes with the triumphant entry, and pay their homage to the well-nigh royal conqueror ; many an eye was sleepless on that memorable night, but few from sorrow or anxiety ; yet there was *ONE* within the precincts

* The celebrated words of Kirkpatrick, the companion of Robert Bruce, when he returned to complete the slaughter of Comyn, who had been stabbed at the high-altar by the patriot.

of those antiquated walls, whose presence, had it been whispered in the Regent's ear, would have shaken his dauntless heart with an unwonted tremor. Overlooking from its Gothic bartisan, the market-place of the old city, stood one of those gloomy dwellings, with its turretted gable to the street, its oaken portal clenched with many a massive spike and bar, and its narrow casements subdivided by stone transoms, which are yet to be seen in several of the Scottish boroughs, presenting evident traces of having been erected in that iron time, when every man's house was in truth his castle. Here, in a narrow gallery which commanded the principal thoroughfare, without a light to cheer his solitude, or fire to warm his limbs, watched the avenger. The night was raw and gusty, yet he felt not the penetrating breath of winter; he had ridden many a weary mile, yet his eyelids felt no inclination to slumber; he had fasted since the preceding night, yet he knew no hunger; he stood upon the brink of murder, yet he shuddered not. Before the sun had set, he had despatched his last attendant to the castle of his princely kinsman, the Duke, who bore his name, and owned his fealty; he had supplied his charger, with the grain which was to nerve him for to-morrow's race, in one of the lower halls of the deserted house; he had barricaded every portal with unwonted deliberation, and secured the windows with chain and bar; he had prepared all that was needful for the tragedy he was about to perpetrate, and now he was alone with his conscience and his God! — His mind, wrought to the highest pitch of resolution, dreamed not of compunction, nor did he for an instant doubt his full justification in the eyes of his Creator, although he was lying in wait secretly to mark a fellow-being, as though he were a beast of the chase. Nor indeed did he feel so much of hesitation in levelling his rifle * at this his brother man, as he had often experienced in striking down the antlered monarch of the waste. Oftentimes, when the beautiful deer had been stretched at his feet, by his unerring aim, with its graceful limbs unstrung for ever, and its noble crest grovelling in the dust, had he sorrowed in secret over the destruction he had wrought for a momentary pleasure; but no such thoughts were here to melt his resolution, or to damp his anticipated triumph. As he paced on his short beat with firm and measured stride, he reckoned the minutes with trembling anxiety, and as the successive hours clanged from the lofty steeple, he cursed the space that yet divided him from his revenge; still, amidst all his eagerness, he had the strength of mind to banish from his thoughts all recollection of the grievance, which he never recurred to but he felt his brain reel, and his nerves tremble with fury, which he could neither guide nor moderate. Night, however, though it may be tedious even to disgust, cannot endure for ever; and in due time the

* The carabine with which the Regent was shot is still preserved at Hamilton palace, it is a brass piece of middling length, very small in the bore; and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

We believe this to be the earliest *rifle* on record; in many superb collections of armor which it has been our fortune to inspect, we have seen fire-arms of all dates and countries, but have never seen a rifle bearing an earlier date than the end of the 17th, or commencement of the 18th, century; yet the death of the Regent occurred in January 1569, at which period the *harquebuss* or caliver in common use was so unwieldy, that the use of archery had been but recently exploded. — *Ed.*

misty light of dawn glimmered through the narrow panes, upon the scene of fatal preparation. The wall, facing the window, hung from the ceiling to the floor with black cloth, that no shadow might betray the lurking enemy, — the piles of bedding strewed upon the floor to prevent a single footfall from awakening suspicion, — and, on a table by the casement, the matchlock rifle, with its slow match already kindled, the horn and bullets ready for the hand, no less than the accoutrements and bearing of the man, proclaimed the fixed determination with which he had plotted, and the cold-blooded preparation with which he was prompt to execute his enemy's destruction. As the morning broke, a wild flourish of trumpets sounded the reveillee from a distant quarter of the town, wherein his victim had passed the hours of sleep in undisturbed tranquillity. The sound fell upon the ear of Hamilton, and, thrilling to his heart's core, stirred him like the horse of Job. Again he applied himself to his task, again he reconnoitered every outlet to the main street, and made assurance doubly sure that for ten minutes, at the least, the fastenings could resist any assaults short of the shot of ordnance; he equipped his charger with the lightest trappings, tried every buckle, and proved the least important thong; then, as the time drew nigh, led him forth silently to the rear of the building, whence a gloomy and neglected garden conducted to an unfrequented lane, by which he might gain access to the open country. Still, when all this was finished, when the preparations were concluded, and his escape provided, to the utmost that human foresight could effect; a tedious hour had yet to creep away before the success of his machinations should be ascertained. Cautiously he retraced his steps, and entering once more upon the scene of action, prepared his weapon for the deed with scrupulous attention; the first smile that had lightened his gloomy brow, now flashed across it, as he drove the leaden messenger down the tube, from which it was soon to be launched on its career of blood, and raising the well-proved instrument to his unerring eye, examined with a marksman's skill its range and balance. Then coolly, as though he were about to provide himself against the inconveniences of a protracted chace, drawing from a recess food and wine, he broke bread, and drank, not without satisfaction. Hardly had he finished his slender meal, before the distant chime of the matin bells, proclaiming the earliest service of the church, tinkled upon the breeze. Reverently, devoutly, did the future murderer sink upon his knees, and fervently did he implore the aid of that Being, who, if it be not impious to imagine the ideas of Divinity — must have looked down with abhorrence on the supplication of one, who was even then plotting a deed of blood, — unless the ignorance and barbarism of the age might pass for some alleviation of individual error, in the sight of him who is no less a God of mercy, than of justice and of truth. Strengthened in his awful purpose, and confident both of the goodness and the approaching triumph of his cause, Hamilton rose up from his ill-judged devotions. Suddenly the roar of artillery shook the casements, and the din of martial music, trumpet, horn, and kettledrum, mingling in wild discordance with the *pibrochs* of the Highland clans, announced that the Regent had commenced his progress. At once every symptom of anxiety or eagerness disappeared from the lowering countenance of Hamilton; while there had been uncertainty, the slightest possible shade of trepidation had appeared in his demeanor: but now, as in the

warlike symphony, and the acclamations of the populace, he foresaw the success of all his desperate machinations, he was calm and self-possessed ; now, when a meaner spirit would have shrunk from the completion of the deed, which it had dared to plan, but lacked the resolution to perform, the full extent of his determination was most manifest. There was a quiet composure in his eye, a serene complacency in the repose of every feature, which, as considered in connexion with his dreadful purpose, was more appalling than the fiercest burst of passion. Firm as a statue he stood in the dark embrasure, the ready weapon in his hand, and his keen glance watching the approach of his doomed victim. Louder and louder swelled the notes of triumph ; and now the very words of the applauding concourse distinctly audible — “ God save the Regent ! ” — “ Life to the noble Murray ! ” — Then a score of lancers lightly equipped, and nobly mounted, clattered along the echoing street to clear a path for the procession, — but their efforts were exerted to no purpose, the populace, which thronged the area of the place, closed in behind the soldiers, as waves uniting in the wake of some swift sailer, and, in their eagerness to prove the extent of their goodwishes, frustrated their own intent, and rendered their favorite’s doom more certain. Banner after banner, troop after troop, swept onwards ! — Glittering in all the gorgeousness of steel and scarlet, marshalled by men, whose fame for warlike science, and undaunted bravery, might have challenged the glory of earth’s most widely-bruited heroes, elated with recent victory, and proud of the unconquered leader, whom they guarded, they trampled on, “ defying earth and confident of heaven.” Morton was there, with his sneering smile and downcast eye, as when he struck his poiniard into the heart of Rizzio, — and Lindesay of the Byres, sordid in his antiquated garb and rusty armor, with the hardest heart beneath his iron corslet that ever beat in a human breast, — and Kircaldy of the Grange, the best and bravest soldier of the age, — and the celebrated Knox, riding in his clerical garb amidst the spears ; Knox ! of whom it was justly spoken after his decease, that he had never feared the face of man ! — and the chief of the Macfarlanes with his shadowy tartans, and the eagle feather in his bonnet, and a thousand kilted caterans at his heels ! But proudly as the marshalled ranks proceeded on their march, and haughty as was the bearing of the crested warriors, there was not a man in all the train that could compare in thewes or sinews with him who watched within ; his closely-fitting dress of chamois leather displaying the faultless proportions of his limbs — the elasticity of his tread — the majestic melancholy of his expression, gained by the contrast, when viewed beside the pomp and splendor of his haughty foemen. Another troop of lancers striving in vain to remove the crowded spectators from the route ! — and then, preceded by heralds in their quartered tabards, amidst the clang of instruments and the redoubled clamors of the multitude, on a gray, which had been cheaply purchased at the price of an Earl’s ransom, sheathed from head to heel in the tempered steel of Milan, Murray came forth, in all but name a king. So closely did the crowd press forward, that the chargers of the knights could barely move at a foot’s pace. Glencairn was at his right, and on his left, the truest of his followers, Douglas of Parkhead. The pomp had passed unnoticed, — the well-known figures had gleamed before the eyes of Hamilton, like phantoms in a troubled dream ; but no sooner had his victim met his eye,

than the ready rifle was at his shoulder. The Regent's face was turned towards his murderer, and full at the broad brow did the avenger point the tube — the match was kindled, the finger pressed the trigger, when, at a word from Douglas, he turned his head; the massive *cerveilliere* would have defied a hail of bullets, and the moment for the deed was lost. — Without a moment's pause, without removing the weapon from his eye, or his eye from the living mark, he suffered the muzzle to sink slowly down the line of Murray's person. Just below the hip, where the rim of the corslet should have lapped over the jointed cuishes, there was one spot at which the crimson velvet of his under garb glared through a crevice in the plates, — a French crown would have guarded twice the space, yet on that trifling aperture the deadly aim was fixed. A broad flash was thrown upon the faces of the group, and ere the sound had followed the streak of flame, the gray dashed madly forward, with empty saddle, and unmastered rein. The conqueror had fallen in the very flush of his pride; and, at the first glance, it seemed, he had not fallen singly, for so true had been the aim, and so resistless the passage of the bullet, that, after piercing through his vitals, it had power to rend the steel asunder, and slay the horse of Douglas. For a moment there was a silence — a short breathless pause — the gathering of the tempest! — a yell of execration and revenge, and an hundred axes thundered on the steel-clenched portal.

One instant the avenger leaned forth from the casement in the full view of all, to mark the death pang of his prey. He saw the life blood welling from the wound, he saw the death-sweat clogging his darkened brow, he saw the bright eye glaze, and the proud lip curl in the agony, — but he saw not, what he had longed to trace — remorse — terror at quitting earth — despair of gaining heaven! He turned away in deeper torment than the dying mortal at his feet, for he felt that all his wrongs were now but half avenged! The presence of the murderer lent double vigor to the arms of his pursuers, — a dozen flashes of musketry, from the crowd, glanced on his sight, — a dozen bullets whistled round his head, — but he bore a charmed life. The gate shook, crashed beneath the force of the assailants, — fell, as he sprang into the saddle! He locked the sally-port behind him, darted through the lonely garden, gained the lane, and saw the broad free moors before him. But, as he cleared the court, a score of light armed horsemen wheeled round the corner of the building, dashed their horses to their speed, and, with tremendous shouts, galloped recklessly in the pursuit. It was a fearful race, the broken pavement of the lane presented no obstacle to their precipitate haste; pursuers and pursued plied spur and scourge with desperate eagerness, and, for a space, a lance's length was hardly clear between the fugitive and the half frantic soldiery; but gradually the lighter equipments, and the fresher steed of Hamilton, began to tell. He had already gained an hundred yards, and, at every stride, was leaving his enemies yet further in the rear; there were no fire arms among the knot, who pressed most closely on his traces, and he would now have gained the open country, and have escaped without a further struggle; but, as he cleared the straggling buildings of the suburb, a fresh relay of troopers met him in the front, headed by Lindesay, Morton, and Glencairn. Had they been ten yards further in advance, the life of Bothwellhaugh would not have been worth a moment's purchase, — but he had yet a chance. On

the left hand of the road lay a wide range of moorland pastures, stretching downwards to a deep and sluggish brook, beyond which the land extended in waste and forest far away to the demesnes of James of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault and Hamilton. A six foot wall, of unhewn limestone, parted the grass land from the highway, and, without a pause, he turned his horse's head straight to the lofty barrier. At the top of his pace, the steed drove on — a steady pull upon the rein, a sharp plunge of the spurs, and, with a fearful bound, he got clear over, — but, with equal resolution, did the confederate lords pursue, — Lindesay was still the foremost, and three others thundered close behind! Another, and another of these huge fences crossed their line, but not a rider faltered, not a horse fell. The price of the chase was fearful, — the pace, at which it was maintained, was too exhausting both for man and beast to be supported long, and, obviously, the chances of the fugitive were fast diminishing. Another wall — another successful leap — Lindesay is down, but Morton takes his place, — the bottom of the hill is gained, and the winding streamlet lies before them, deep and unfordable, its rugged banks rising precipitously from the water's edge, and beyond it the tangled shelter of the forest. Already the pursuers considered their success as certain, — already the shout of triumph was bursting from their lips, and the avenging blades unsheathed. Bothwelhaugh saw that his case was well nigh hopeless, yet he urged his horse against the yawning brook, but the good steed, jaded by his exertions, and cowed by the brightness of the water, sheered wildly from the leap, and stopped short, trembling in every joint. Calmly the soldier tightened his rein, breathed the exhausted animal ten seconds' space, and, drawing his light hunting sword, rode slowly back, as if to face his enemies. The cry of exultation, which was raised by all who saw him turn to bay, was heard distinctly at Linlithgow, and every one, who heard it, deemed the murderer's head secure. Morton and Glencairn strove hard for the honor of striking down the slayer of their friend — but, when within a horse's length, Hamilton turned once again, pulled hard upon his curb, stood in his stirrups, and, as he reached the brink, brought down his naked hanger edgewise on the courser's croupe. The terrified brute sprang wildly forward, cleared the tremendous chasm, and would have fallen on the other verge but for the powerful hand of the rider. With a startling shout of exultation, he shook his arm aloft, scowled on his baffled enemies, and was lost to their sight amidst the leafless thickets.

H.

EPIGRAM,

From Saverio Bettinelli.

BEFORE the shrine Aurelia pours her prayer,

"Oh! may my suffering consort prove thy care!"

The anxious spouse returned, the husband died —

"Good saint, I did not ask so much!" She cried.

F.

STANZAS.

Written while sailing through the Delaware Water-gap.

ONWARD with gliding swiftness
Our light bark cleaves the deep,
The billow dances in our wake,
As down the tide we sweep.
The broad high cliffs above us
Like giant columns stand,
As in their grandeur stationed there,
The guardians of the land.

Yon radiant clouds are drooping
Their banners from on high,
And brightly, through their waving folds,
Gleams forth the azure sky.
Sunset's rich beams are tinging
The mountain's lofty crest,
Yet fails their golden light to reach
The river's silent breast.

The eagle soars around us,
His home is on the height,
To which with eager, upward, wing
He shoots in airy flight.
The rough night blast, high o'er us,
Assails the beetling verge,
And, through the forest's tangled depths,
Murmurs like ocean's surge.
The foliage trembles to his breath,
The massive timbers groan,
But we, his might defying, pass
In sheltered silence on.

Onward! dim night is gathering,
Those gilded summits fade,—
And darkly, from the thicket's brown,
Extends the deepening shade.
It shrouds us, but we pause not;—
With light and graceful sweep,
Shadowy and swift, our vessel breaks
The water's glassy sleep.
Their rocky barrier now is past,
We feel the cool fresh air.
Yon light is beaming from our home,
And welcome waits us there.

E. F. E.

SYDENHAM; OR, MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD. 2 vols. 12mo. — and ALICE PAULET, a sequel to Sydenham, by the same author. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey and A. Hart, publishers.

AMIDST the innumerable works of fiction, by which, for many years, the world has been perpetually inundated, it will occasionally happen that a composition of real merit may pass unnoticed; and it is perhaps more remarkable, that they should be so frequently extricated from the chaos of which they form a part, than that they should, at times, be shut out from celebrity by a crowd of worthless competitors. When we consider that a week rarely passes without the announcement of some three or four tales of chivalry, of sentiment, of fashion, and of a thousand other titles, to the full as trite, and promising even less of interest than these, from the press of our own city, — while the publishers of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston, send forth an equal profusion, — it cannot but appear, that even the most determined novel reader could not wade through a tenth part of this deluge of letterpress. It is moreover to be observed, that persons, who, at intervals, take up a novel or romance, whether as a relaxation from severer studies, or with a view of looking into the taste and discrimination of the age, will, in all probability, without any guide whereby to determine their selection, hit upon some tedious or unnatural effusion of vanity or folly, which, had they known its character beforehand, they would most devoutly have eschewed. For this reason those, who lay claim to any delicacy in their literary appetites, for the most part, forbear to blunt the edge of their fastidious palates by viands of every day occurrence, and quietly await the rarer luxuries, which are offered by the art of some distinguished and successful artist. The rather, as we have observed above, that there is no true guide whereby to form an opinion in nine cases out of ninety-nine; — it has become so much the fashion, latterly, for periodical critics to bestow indiscriminate applause on every successive competitor for public favor, and to estimate the last as still the best, that hardly any work, however small may be its intrinsic value, arrives at a second edition without the power of producing a long string of testimonials to the elegance of diction, the power of argument, the originality of conception manifested by that which is, in truth, half tinsel and half lead! Glaring indeed must be the defects that, now a days, call forth the indignant censure of the press! — This is, in truth, the golden age of authorship, and hardly a single coxcomb, who has vanity “to write him down an ass,” but finds some more egregious blockhead to chaunt his praises to the gullibility of the world. That the feelings which prompt this lavish expenditure of applause, are benevolent in their motives, we doubt not, but that the effect is advantageous, either to the public, which is misled, or to the author, who is intoxicated, we soberly and seriously deny. When we have twice or thrice been cheated, by approbation, which would not seem insufficient if applied to Scott or Edgeworth, into toiling through an hundred pages of affected inanity, we begin to consider the merits of an unread work in an inverse ratio to the measure of its praises, and we are almost prepared to cast aside a book, which bears its blushing honors thick about its title page, in very

weariness and disgust. It is for this reason that we have so long neglected a work, which, upon perusal, we can safely recommend, as exhibiting more than ordinary marks of talent; we had, indeed, heard Sydenham pronounced to be charming, — clever, — brilliant, — masterly! — but when we had heard the self-same epithets bestowed on the “Young Duke,” on “Almacks,” and “Almacks Revisited,” and others which we should style contemptible, it is not much to be wondered at, if we made no vehement exertions to read what we expected to find little, if at all, superior to a host of other tritons among the minnows. At a late period, we were induced, in a moment of idleness, to turn over a few pages, became interested, perused it with a considerable degree of care and attention, and are enabled to pronounce it one of the most originally conceived and ably executed novels, not of the day, but of the age. Sydenham is simply what it professes to be, the memoir of a man of the world; the events and incidents, which are represented, might have occurred to any person, *have* occurred to thousands; there is no parade of sentiment, no display of highly-wrought and over-colored feelings, of romantic pleasures, or self-created distresses, no gradually unfolded plot, no situations, no catastrophe. The hero is a clever, caustic, cold-blooded youth, who, from becoming acquainted, in the outset of his career, with designing and unamiable characters, is in no slight danger of degenerating into misanthropy; and who, although he partakes freely in all the pleasures and even dissipations of a London life, is never, for a moment, deceived by the glare of fashion or success, never mistakes the tinsel for the bullion, or suffers his penetration to be blinded by follies on his own part, or falsehood on that of others. He relates openly and without reserve, in a plain and nervous style, all his actions, thoughts, and motives, never endeavoring to pass himself off for better than he really is, and often attributing the noblest of his actions to that mixture of good and evil in the human mind, which is, in truth, the spring of almost every mortal deed. And in this it is that the principal excellence of the work consists; so entirely free is it from all the cant of passion, and all the constantly recurring topics of novel interest, that our ideas, as we read, go along with the train of circumstances, and that, when we have arrived at the last page, we scarcely can believe the whole to be but a fiction. Sydenham is, in itself, composed of two distinct parts, the first season of the writer’s life, during which he is entirely devoted, as far as externals can manifest devotion, to fashion and society; the intimate friend and associate of Beaumont, — under which *nom de guerre*, we have a lively, accurate, and graphic sketch of the celebrated Beau Brummel, the two leading points of whose character, — and by which alone he obtained the autocracy of ton, which he enjoyed in right of unbounded audacity and unfettered wit, — are hit off to perfection; — himself the object and intended victim of a double intrigue, he meets the scheming matron, who has pounced on him for a future son-in-law, and the profligate peer, who wishes to accommodate him with the worthless wife of whom he has himself grown weary, on their own ground; and beats them at their peculiar weapons; the match-maker is jilted, when she thinks her victory secure; the noble lord nonsuited, when he considers his divorce and damages undoubted. In this portion of the work there are an hundred pictures, which might be extracted with advantage; but that we are desirous of expatiating

more largely on the second volume, the subject of which is the political career of the hero in the House of Commons, and in the company of Sheridan, Brougham, and Canning, whose characters are all crowded into the same era by a slight act of leger-de-main, which, though it be not true, is yet so like truth, that our minds are not offended by the anachronism. But of these hereafter! Among the most lively, and, at the same time, most characteristic scenes in the first volume, are — our hero's introduction to Brummel, and the mode by which he arrests the notice of the dandy monarch; — the drawing out of Sir Patrick Molony; — the hoax played upon Lord Snowden, and the cutting of the Huzzar by the arch-dandy himself, as well as the entire episode of Auriol the poet; which are inferior to nothing that has been written heretofore in any novel of society. The first of these, as partaking, in the highest degree, of that knowledge of the human heart, and that caustic sagacity, which is one of the principal peculiarities in the composition of Sydenham, we shall present in the words of the anonymous author:

"As I had always found one of my principal pleasures in the contemplation of eccentric characters, I felt anxious to become acquainted with this individual; not to mention that it was requisite for my admission into the regions of *ton* to be sanctioned by a presentation to its sovereign. But here there was a difficulty; for, contrary to the practice of vulgar sovereigns, this illustrious potentate was careful not to increase the number of his subjects. Hundreds of the profane Commons were continually soliciting permission to fall down and worship him, nourishing hopes, after repeated disappointments, that, by patience and long suffering, they might ultimately be permitted to touch the hem of his garment. There was, however, this difference, if no other, between me and the last-mentioned herd of candidates, — I knew human nature; the latter did not. Still it was expedient to distinguish myself from them; for which purpose some little management was necessary.

"Accordingly, I assumed a behaviour of indifference with regard to Beaumont, as if I was by no means impressed with a sense of his greatness, nor capable of understanding the advantage to be derived from his acquaintance; an honor for which I studiously avoided adverting to the slightest wish. Beaumont, notwithstanding his affectation, had some knowledge of almost every person within even the outermost circle of the society over which he presided, and was advised, by secret intelligence, of every new arrival upon town. I was not an object too insignificant for his notice; and his acuteness soon observed the peculiarity of my conduct. The consequence was, that before I had been a fortnight in town, he desired one of his people to present me.

"The person commissioned, approached me with a very significant look, and intimated to me that, by exerting his interest, he could bring about for me an introduction to Mr. Beaumont. I answered carelessly, to the visible astonishment of the man, that I had no objection to be acquainted with his friend. I was forthwith presented to the arch-dandy, and returned his slight bow with one in the same proportion, accompanied by complete self-possession. After talking to him for a few seconds with the like unconcern, I sauntered away, apparently unconscious of my extreme audacity.

"Every bystander was amazed at my insolence, and two or three seriously asked by what strange infatuation I had behaved so rashly, consoling me with the assurance, that the consequence of my presumption would be a dead cut, and they cited precedents, in which, however, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that the circumstances materially differed: and truly, never were predictions more fallacious. A more judicious proceeding than mine could not have been adopted. If I had approached him differently, if I had fluttered, or faltered, or flattered, the despot would have trampled upon me; but a contrary conduct had a contrary effect. He admired my boldness, contrasting it with the servility of those who surrounded him; he feared my independence, knowing that contempt was more dangerous than declared opposition to his authority.

"I must say, that mine was a master-stroke of policy. To the surprise and disappointment, therefore, of those prophets of evil, who had already begun to draw off from me as a proscribed person the next time I was in company with him, which

was at the Dutchess of Glamorgan's ball, I was accosted by Mr. Beaumont with a gracious affability, which he seldom deemed it worth his while to use, but which, when he did assume it, was of a very engaging kind.

"I treated him with courtesy, and, indeed, rather encouraged his advances, though I still preserved my former indifferent manner, and carefully abstained from betraying any symptom of gratification, or of sinking into that submissiveness of tone, to which other men, in my enviable situation, would have been extremely liable. After a little trifling conversation, I said,

"You go about here a good deal, Mr. Beaumont; may I ask what is your opinion of the present state of society in this country?"

"The present state of society in this country," answered he, betraying not the least surprise at the eccentricity of my question, — (there were a number of people within hearing) — "is, in my opinion, very near the highest point, which, from the nature of the people, the national manners can attain, — a point, I need not say, as far removed from the standard of perfection, as from their former barbarity, though at this time of day it is certainly extremely difficult to form any accurate idea of the manners of those ancient times. By those who have read the History of England, I am informed that our ancestors conveyed their food to its receptacle by direct manual agency, without the intervention of those utensils called knives and forks; also, that it was not uncommon for them to make use of cheese and beer; that they never used razors, nor eau de Cologne; that their clothes were made by a blacksmith instead of a tailor, and that they had no Almack's. One's credulity is severely tasked to believe that such revolting practices really obtained; but when I consider, that, so late as my time, the proper application of the qualities of starch was unknown, I am disposed to suspect that these statements are not exaggerated."

"That discovery," said I, "was a grand step in the progress of civilization; posterity, Mr. Beaumont, if not a contemporary age, will be grateful to you for this, and for the many other valuable services you have rendered your country."

"Yes," he replied; "I do commit, with some degree of confidence, my claims to posterity, for I flatter myself that I am not altogether undeserving of their gratitude. But ingratitude to its benefactors is the crime of mankind. Envious Athens disgraced Aristides, and London may eventually ostracise me."

There are doubtless many other passages more amusing in themselves, more witty, and, to a general reader, more interesting than this: but in selecting a few necessarily brief and unconnected passages from any work, the object of the reviewer should be rather to extract such portions as may tend to give an idea of the extraordinary and distinguishing merits or defects, rather than such as may contribute most to positive entertainment. The most remarkable excellencies of Sydenham consist, as we have stated before, not in brilliancy of style, not in vivid descriptions of externals, nor in exciting vicissitudes, but in the worldly shrewdness, the correct views, and the cold-blooded deliberation, with which the hero looks down upon the hurry and turmoil of both domestic and public life, never failing to detect the inmost plans of friend and foe, and turning all, by his keen perceptions of character, to his own benefit, and to the discomfiture of his opponents. With the second volume, however, in our opinion, commences the interest of the work, — Sydenham stands on the moderate whig interest for the county, against a borough-mongering tory lord and a radical *ex-wagoner*, — is ousted by a coalition of both parties, and is afterwards returned to Parliament for his own rotten borough. The period of history, to which this part of the novel directly alludes, is that time during which, after the fall of Lord Liverpool's administration, and the death of Castlereagh, Lord Goderich and Canning came into office; and, though calling themselves liberal tories, were, in truth, acting the part of whigs, and paving the way for the stupendous changes, which have since been wrought by a reforming Parliament, and true whig ministry. To suit his purposes, the author of Sydenham has brought down the days of the suppers at

Brooke's and the dinners at Devonshire house, of Sheridan and the old whig school to the time of Brougham and Canning; the catastrophe being the death of the latter noble statesman, brought about, as in truth it was, by the cares of his situation, and the relentless persecution of his political foes. The reasons for his earlier innovations are manifest; the brilliancy of the period alluded to, and the many points which must suggest themselves to any person possessed of a quick imagination, could not escape a writer of such talents as the author of the memoirs now before us. It is by no means, however, equally easy to discover his object, in attributing the destruction of that mighty spirit to the machinations of a whig cabal, when it was, in truth, effected by the rancorous and vexatious opposition of the ultra Tories. Canning did, in reality, fall a victim to the ambition of the Duke of Wellington, who, after incessantly striving against every liberal motion brought forward by his rival, himself took office, upon his decease, and forced that very measure through a reluctant House of Lords, which he had so unremittingly opposed. Nor can we readily imagine any good reason to be assigned for the utter vilification of the character of Henry Brougham, who is so entirely identified with the George Broughton of Sydenham, that no person in the smallest degree acquainted with the private history, the style of eloquence, or the personal peculiarities of the present Chancellor of England could fail to make the application. The Episode of Vincent Anstruther, describing, as it most assuredly does, the death of Canning, and the political circumstances which preceded that event, runs thus: for we will briefly analyse it, in order to point out the differences between the political and historical relation of the same occurrence. Vincent Anstruther had come into Parliament as a moderate Tory, had been for many years in office still professing Tory principles, though gradually adopting liberal notions, and paving the way, in the minds no less of his colleagues than of the public, for Whig measures; — had lastly occupied a permanent station in the cabinet, and figured as leader of the Lower House, under the mixed administration of Lord D. (read *Goderich*.) So far the history of Vincent Anstruther is precisely that of George Canning, and this when coupled to the description of the man himself, his polished oratory, and keen though tempered satire, prove the authenticity of the portrait beyond the possibility of doubt. It is of course fresh in the minds of all our readers, that it was the death of the celebrated individual himself who is here described, and not that of the nominal *Premier*, that broke up the mixed government of 1827, and made way for that of Wellington. Here, then, the author has diverged, and not in our opinion judiciously, from the true history. Vincent Anstruther joins the opposition — the Tory Ministers are on the point of resigning — the Whigs hourly expect to receive the King's permission to form a government. — Anstruther and George Broughton become rivals for the leadership of the Commons; and at this critical period Sydenham imagines that he has discovered symptoms of tergiversation in Broughton. His opinions, although slighted by some of the Whig leaders, to whom he gives his partial confidence, are daily strengthened by the growing moderation of the object of his suspicions, and are at last confirmed to the conviction of all parties, by the coalition of Broughton and his faction with the *ultras*. That the author of Sydenham has produced, by means of this change, a most noble, ma-

sterly, and interesting sketch of politics, enlivened by much real eloquence, and rendered in the highest degree natural, by the truth and power with which his characters are sustained throughout, no one, we venture to say, will attempt to deny. But that the violation of historical truth is in this case not injudicious only, but mischievous and unjust, we shall endeavour to make evident to all. The lives of public men beyond a doubt are public property; nor is there any right more inalienable than that of criticizing the measures, and scrutinizing the motives of those in office. Purposely, however, to depict a character so similar as that of Broughton in the novel to that of Brougham in history, and then gratuitously to blacken and vilify the likeness, by the introduction of all that cold-blooded craft, arrogance, brutality, and treachery, have most odious in their essence, is, in our opinion, a no less criminal, and far more dangerous libel, than would be the actual charging of these very crimes upon the English Chancellor in undisguised hostility. Inasmuch as a dark insinuation, wherewith no man can grapple, is a more deadly foe than the bold falsehood which is crushed for ever, when confronted.

Moreover, public virtue is not, heaven knows, a plant of such common occurrence or such ready growth, that, when a rare example is in truth presented to us, it should be assimilated, even in fiction, to public vice. We know that, during many years of Henry Brougham's political career, it was the fashion to speak of him as of a man, who would be willing to sell his principles, if the price should equal his own estimate of his utility; but so far has this opinion been from receiving the confirmation of facts, that, in truth, it is refreshing in an age of such prevailing corruption as the present, to behold an instance of such unswerving attachment to his party and his principles, as is given to us in the case of this justly celebrated individual. It is therefore our opinion, that a person who deliberately sits down to detract from the character of a truly great and noble-minded man, whether in the soberness of history, or in the gayer coloring of fiction, does an equal injury to human nature, and to the person whom he strives to depreciate. It is at present too much the cant of conversation to speak slightly of public men, to profess an opinion that all politicians are proverbially dishonest, that integrity in statesmen is but a name, and patriotism in cabinets an unfulfilled chimera of utopian philanthropy! We should, however, remember that, if even now political treason be a crime of far too frequent occurrence, there are no more certain means of disseminating it yet further abroad, than by taking its universal prevalence for granted; and that if any class of men have become proverbially, they will most certainly ere long become *really*, base and dishonest. For this reason then, and for this only, do we object to the splendid series of pictures presented to us in the second volume of Sydenham; but while we own their splendor and their general truth, we must for ever protest against their utter confusion of character, and against the iniquity of representing one of the noblest spirits of the age in the odious light of a political turn-coat, a renegade from his party, his opinions, and his honor. We have selected a whole chapter from the original, as being far better qualified, than any words of ours, to prove both the ability and the evil tendency of such perversions of truth. It is that, wherein Anstruther is represented as forsaken by the Whigs, after having himself deserted the Tories; baited by

the party which he has quitted, and most ungenerously taunted by Broughton beneath the guise of friendship — but we will not anticipate —

"On Friday, when another trial of strength was to take place between us and the Ministry, I went down to the house full of expectation; for I thought that in the course of the evening some indications would surely be exhibited, which would direct the suspicions which were floating through my mind into some certain channel. The first symptom which struck me was a very strong one. Anstruther, instead of occupying his usual and proper place among the Opposition-leaders, sat on the bench under the gallery, a part of the house which is ordinarily resorted to by neutrals and third parties, but was now possessed only by a few miserable old grumblers and regular bores, who spoke upon every question, objected to every measure, and proposed none. Among these outcasts of parties, these refuse of politicians, now sat the first member of the House of Commons. How were the mighty fallen!

"I happened to come in late, for Singleton, who opened the debate, had been on his legs some minutes. The house was of course crowded, but my place was ticketed. It happened to be next to Mr. Neville, to whom I remarked Anstruther's ominous change of situation; but he seemed to think nothing of it, or else declined particularly noticing my comment.

"As soon as Singleton had concluded, Anstruther rose. In his speech he kept close to the question which he discussed with a serious earnestness, as if it only occupied his attention, carefully avoiding the slightest expression of, or allusion to, party-feeling. He argued it not as a Whig, but professedly upon its merits solely, and inclining to a moderate tone. He expressed his difference of opinion from, and his incapability of going the lengths of, his right honorable friend, the mover, upon several points.

"He was followed by Mr. Secretary Deveril, who, after answering Singleton, adverted to Anstruther in the following terms:—

"But I cannot refrain from expressing the feelings of satisfaction with which I have listened to the speech of the Right Honorable Gentleman under the gallery. He has, in a great measure, anticipated the reply which I had prepared for the Right Honorable mover, by stating in much abler and happier language than I can command, the objections to his motion. I can assure him that his late friends and coadjutors regarded more with sorrow than with anger his abandonment of those principles in which he had been bred up, and of which he had for so many years been the most powerful, and was reputed to be the most sincere, although he had not always proved the most orthodox, champion. I am persuaded, therefore, that they have perceived with the same delight which animated myself, the indications of repentance, and a disposition to return to the bosom of his political faith, which the Right Honorable Gentleman has this evening exhibited; and that if he should seek re-admission among us, there will be (not to speak it profanely) more joy over this one sinner that repenteth, than in ninety and nine just men who need no repentance. The Right Honorable Gentleman was certainly guilty of a great error in apostatizing from his principles; but having apostatized back again from the party which he had joined to that from which he had deserted, this double dereliction will neutralize the reproach which attached to him when it stood single, and will of course restore him in every respect to the situation which he formerly occupied."

"Anstruther's emotions during this severe castigation were evidently of the most poignant kind. His color came and went; his lip quivered, and his whole frame was in agitation. Immediately the minister ceased, he started to his feet, but was promptly stopped by shouts of 'Spoke! spoke! spoke!' from all parts of the house. In opposition to these were a few feeble calls of his name, but they were wholly overborne by the former clamor. He still, however, kept his legs, and endeavored to raise his voice above the storm, but in vain: the speaker was at length obliged to request that he would resume his seat, and accordingly, with a look of mingled agony, scorn, and defiance, he sat down.

"Broughton now got up, and incontinently there was a calm. He deeply regretted the deviation from the question, of which the Right Honorable Secretary had been guilty. Yet, though, he had the highest confidence in his Right Honorable friend's attachment to the principles which he had lately espoused, and his fidelity to the engagements which he had come under, yet he trusted he might be permitted to observe that his Right Honorable friend had that night used a tone, which was not the best adapted to express those sentiments. He took the liberty of making this suggestion, because it appeared to him expedient for his Right

Honorable friend to be peculiarly circumspect in his language and conduct, inasmuch as it had been insinuated, although most calumniously, that his motives for joining the party to whom he at present belonged, were not of the purest kind. He should, therefore, be most guarded not to afford his enemies any handle for asserting that personal ambition was the guide of his public conduct. The Honorable and Learned Gentleman, after a few more indifferent remarks, resumed his seat.

"It was not difficult to detect the insidious purport of Broughton's observations and advice. Anstruther's countenance betrayed the strongest indignation at what fell from him, and again made an attempt to be heard, but was again assailed by opposition. He exclaimed loudly, and even passionately, against this treatment, which he justly declared to be unparalleled; for the house never before refused to hear the defence of one of its members, whose character had been attacked within its walls. But such was the rancorous determination to cry down this noble spirit, that his appeal produced no effect, and he was not permitted to proceed. Anstruther left the house.

"A thought now struck me, that the Whig body *was actually undermined*. I had by this time become pretty confident, and I suspected that Broughton was a principal in the plot. As I was not a party to this scheme, I should of course be blown up with the majority, as soon as it transpired; therefore I thought I might as well sell my life dearly and generously, when I should perhaps only anticipate my fate by a few days. In a word, I determined to attack Broughton in the vindication of Anstruther.

"I rose accordingly, upon that personage being obliged to give way to the clamor of his enemies. I spoke in nearly the following terms:—

"No man, sir, can be more averse than myself to the practice of diverging from the question before the house to personal topics, and I am glad to find so strong a determination to put a stop to it. At the same time, I think, no gentleman will deny that there are occasions upon which the breach of order may be unavoidable, and even more expedient than the observance of it. Now, though the present instance cannot be said to be one of the exceptions to which I have alluded, yet, considering that the irregularity originated with no less a person than the organ of government in this house, and the individual whom he went out of his way to attack with the most derisive taunts was one of its most distinguished members, I do think that the house has taken advantage of a rather unfortunate opportunity to assert, for the first time, its determination of enforcing a strict adherence to its rules. It did seem to me rather invidious not to permit my Right Honorable friend to defend himself from such dangerous insinuations.

"But, sir, since it was the pleasure of the house to refuse the defence of my Right Honorable friend, who could have best vindicated himself, I was happy to see my honorable and learned friend below me upon his legs, because I knew that he could not have an abler advocate. Great, however has been my surprise and disappointment at that honorable member's speech. When he put himself forward in behalf of his Right Honorable friend, I expected to have witnessed an exertion of those powers which he is known to possess, and of which the present was surely an occasion worthy. But most unaccountably, by his feeble advocacy he has not only injured the cause he undertook, but has, although doubtless unconsciously, added to, and encouraged, the insinuations of the Right Honorable Secretary. I put it to any gentleman present, whether such has not been the impression produced on his mind by the honorable and learned member's speech? I of course firmly believe it to be inadvertent and unintentional; but there are many who, not being favorably disposed to either, may put a construction upon this languid vindication equally discreditable to the client and the advocate; and it is to obviate this interpretation that I have intruded myself upon the attention of the house."

"I then proceeded, in the best manner I could, to defend Anstruther, and reflect upon Broughton, darkly hinting at the underplot which I believed to be in agitation. When I sat down I was partially but vehemently cheered. Lessingham, when he perceived the extraordinary course I was taking, turned round, (I was standing just behind him,) stared in my face with the most unaffected surprise, and whispered, 'Are you mad?' Singleton, shortly after I had concluded, leaned over to me, and said:

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you on having effectually done your business. I never saw a man, except in a hell, ruin himself more completely in the short space of half an hour."

"None of the succeeding speakers made the slightest allusion to what I had said,

or the subject of my comments. At a late hour, as there appeared to be a considerable number of members charged with speeches, motion was made and carried to adjourn the debate to Monday."

We regret much that it is not in our power to add the whole of this most interesting account, — for most interesting, although untrue, it is, — of the last moments of one, who, whatever might at one period of his career have been his political errors, seems ever to have kept his station abreast of popular opinion, and who undoubtedly did more in the outset, to forward the march of general improvement, and of liberal principles in England, than any living statesman. We have spoken, perhaps, a little severely concerning the tendency of this novel; but it is not that we think of it otherwise, than as one of the most excellent fictions we have ever read. — Different as it is from the style of Bulwer's writings in many particulars, there is, nevertheless, something of the same strain of thought prevailing throughout the whole, the same sagacious knowledge of human nature, the same tact in description, which tends far more than glowing colors or thrilling incidents, to rivet the attention, and captivate, not the fancy only, but the judgment. The book has been so long before the public, that our late notice may perhaps require an apology; if so, it is forthcoming! — Had Alice Paulet never issued from the press, it is probable that this critique would never have been produced; but on reading the sequel, our disappointment has induced us to institute a brief comparison between the two, and, if possible, to point out the causes, which conspire to render Alice Paulet so far inferior to its predecessor. In the first place, then, the great charm of Sydenham lies in the cold sagacity, with which he probes the breasts of others, anatomizing their most secret heart, and playing with the passions of mankind, as the angler with the captive salmon; in the first part he fills a prominent station from being himself unoccupied in truth, while all around him are busied with intrigue; from overlooking, as a by-stander, the player's game, and thereby penetrating into every *ruse* of either party, a cool and unprejudiced, because uninterested, spectator. In Alice Paulet the case is wholly different; the hero's feelings are touched, and of course his judgment entangled, and Sydenham the lover has little more in common with Sydenham the man of the world, than the unmasked *Arlecchino* had with the lively reckless buffoon, who, beneath the protection of his party-colored vizor, made all around him laugh, while they trembled at his unbridled repartee. The subject, moreover, is in comparison trite! Courtship is proverbially uninteresting to all, except those who are concerned, and — although Alice is very faultless, perhaps a little too faultless to be very *piquante* — there is not enough either of difficulty, or variety, to season the *rechauffee* of a dish, from which we have fed already almost to satiety. The uncle is too bold, too coarse a villain to be swallowed; and there is, perhaps, a little desire to cope with Bulwer on his own ground in several scenes of the second series, which was not observable in the first. If so, the author has failed; he has neither the nice tact in painting vulgar villainy, which distinguishes his original, nor is it altogether in keeping with the remainder of his work. We are far from wishing to condemn this book *in toto*; and indeed it is rather in a comparative, than in a positive, view that we have considered its contents; and while we see its vast inferiority to Sydenham, we are bound to state, at the same

time, that we consider it as far superior to most other fashionable novels, as it falls short of its own commencement. We have often observed that sequels are usually very secondary to their earlier portions, as though the author had exhausted himself by his earlier efforts, and when he found ideas fail him, had been compelled to have recourse to a multiplicity of words, in order to supply the deficiency. We doubt not, however, that when we again meet with the author of *Sydenham*, under a new guise, and on unbroken ground, we shall hail him in his original strength; and when that time shall come, we intend not only to study him with eagerness ourselves, but to avail ourselves of an opportunity like the present, for advising our friends to go and do likewise.

THE FOREST TEMPLE.

LONELY, and wild, and vast! Oh, is not here
 A temple meet for worship? These tall trees
 Stand like encircling columns, each begirt
 With the light drapery of the curling vine;
 While bending from above, their woven leaves
 Like shadowy curtains hang; the trembling light
 Steals sparkling through, tinged with an added beauty
 Of bright and changeful green. Sweeping their tops
 The low deep wind comes with a solemn tone,
 Like some high organ's music, and the stream
 With rushing wave makes hallowed symphony.
 Is not Religion here? Doth not her voice
 Speak in those deep toned murmurs? Aye! Not less
 'Tis sweetly uttered in the wild bird's note,
 That upward with its hymn of joy and love
 Soars to the clear blue sky. The heaving ground
 Robed in its verdant mantle, the cool spring
 That gushes forth its joy, and sends abroad
 A radiant blessing to the thirsty earth;
 The glowing flowers that bloom upon its brink,
 Scattering their perfumes to the breeze around,
 Are redolent with her, — who then would seek
 To pour his heart's devotion in a shrine
 Less mighty — less majestic! Who would quit
 A temple canopied by arching heaven,
 Fraught with the melody of heaven's free winds,
 Nature his fellow worshipper, to bow
 In man's frail sanctuaries? Who feels not,
 In the lone forest's depth, at this still hour,
 A thrill of holy joy, that lifts the soul
 Above the thoughts of earth, and gives it power
 Nearer to commune with its kindred heaven?

F.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

NO. IX.

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage. — SHAKESPEARE.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first his will embrace, —
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind. — POPE.

WE have at length got into the "pomp and circumstances of glorious war;" but, although it is my trade, it is a subject on which I do not love to dwell. And indeed I cannot help thinking that the man who lengthens out scenes of such a description, and appears to dwell upon them with delight, has a mind within fitted for outrageous and hideous actions, or blown up with vanity and empty boast. Our friendship, my dear H., has been of too long standing, and I flatter myself we know each other too intimately, for me to fear that any of my reminiscences should incur the censure of either of these characteristics; nevertheless, as I hate the principle itself, I will not run into the error.

Suffice it, then, that we got into the fleet, and took our share of the hard knocks that were going, in the Mediterranean; — you have reason to recollect that I had my full proportion; — sufficient, I am sure, to have made a post-captain of any *borough-holder's fifteenth cousin*, and amply sufficient, I thought, in reckoning them up, to make *me* a lieutenant. Alas! for our own sanguine dispositions. Truly sings little Pope, that

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

But promotion was neither in my earlier nor in my latter days so easy as the aspirants would persuade themselves. Of that, however, anon.

Of all the stations to which a man-of-war's man can be appointed, it must be conceded that the Mediterranean is the finest. If it were not for fear of making a *bull*, I should say it is *classic ground*, at any rate, to use your own country phraseology, it is *classic location*. From the pillars of Hercules to the "ancient home of Dido," nothing terrestrial meets the eye which has not been said or sung by the deathless historians and poets. — If we add to the charms of recollection and imagination, those of reality, as the delicious scenery in various forms meets the view, and let these be still farther enhanced by the mild and salubrious climate, the beauty of the heavens, so well and truly expressed by the term, "a Mediterranean sky," the continual variety of nature, language, religion, and manners, which its shores present, — these keep up in the mind one perpetual excitement; and I am persuaded that, to an observant disposition, two years' station in that region will give a greater insight into human nature, than ten in any other part of the world. Let us view them in their order. We have the jea-

lous and revengeful Portuguese, the grave and melancholy Spaniard, the gay and civil Frenchman, or rather the epitome of mankind, exhibited in the south of France, the polished Italian, the fanatical Neapolitan, the phlegmatic Turk, the degenerate though occasionally high-souled Greek. We round the eastern borders of that sea, in which every point and bay tells of exploits once famous on the earth; we see fishing villages, interspersed with magnificent ruins, which tell of cities once powerful on the earth, we pass the ancient Tyre and Sidon, and the abodes once "flowing with milk and honey," which were the "glory of all lands," now a desolate region, thinly peopled by a dishonored and grovelling race, who have succeeded the people chosen of God, and from whom every trace has vanished, of that plenty and peace which was the lot of the Israelites, whilst they walked in the way of the commandments. In returning along the southern shores, we pass the land once the seat of wisdom, arts, and philosophy, now the degraded among the sons of men; — we proceed, and view the lands where once the swarthy Numidian managed his fiery courser, and with his bow and arrow rivalled even the Parthian himself; — we reach the confines of ancient Carthage, the former mistress of those seas, the most formidable antagonist of all-grasping Rome, the land that has undeservedly furnished a name for treachery; — and finally attain to the dominion of the despot, the strong hold of barbarism, fanaticism, rapine, and slavery. Besides all these, the islands present a variety of character, both moral and physical, which in themselves are sufficiently interesting; from Rhodes and Cyprus to the Balears, all differ, and all command admiration: — nor should the rock of Malta be jumbled up in the mass of places, standing as it does at once a monument of superstition, bravery, and political interest. To all this, in its fullest and widest extent, the naval officer has access. Under the flag of his country, whose representative he is, he maintains a dignified bearing, and each nation which aspires to the character of civilized, is eager, when in peace, to receive the defender of a sister country with hospitality and respect. Hence he has facilities of observation, from which others are debarred. In his winged castle he moves rapidly from shore to shore, from port to port, and from kingdom to kingdom; — with his ideas and recollections yet fresh and vivid of the place and people where last he touched, he arrives at another where all things differ; — again he finds himself an honored guest, and again he finds new food for speculation.

If every sea-faring man were a close observer, with the requisite perseverance and industry in putting upon record his reflections, the science of human nature would long ere this have been at its acme, and we should all now be prodigies of wisdom and discernment — with no stimulus for further action, and perhaps, like the spider, enjoying in solitary satisfaction the mass of cobweb information, which had fallen to our share. Providence has wisely ordered it otherwise; mankind are endowed with opportunities of acquiring all that is requisite for their necessities, and thus curiosity and inquiry are kept perpetually on the stretch. The sailor finds the universal law operating upon him as upon all; if his excitements are greater than many others, we perceive that the greater ebullition produces the greater evaporation, and the numerous observations which are lightly made are as lightly forgotten.

But why am I prating all this nonsense to *you*, my dear H — ? To talk *wisely* to the *wise*, is, according to the English adage, “to carry coals to Newcastle.” Perhaps I want to impress you with the idea of my own superior notions over the great bulk of my confraternity. I should throw away my fire if I aimed at such a mark — besides, to you who know my calibre so well, it would be worse than useless for me to describe my own qualities. Well — *Retournons à nos moutons*.

Would you believe that in this region of beauty, of classic reminiscences, of health, and of *enterprize*, there could be any drawback to the satisfaction of a young lad who loved the service in which he was engaged ? There was one. One feeling of which I could never divest myself, it gave me almost disgust whenever we were upon the particular spot which caused it, and always took a lengthened period after we left it to settle the acerbations which it produced. It was the fate of poor Byng, who was sacrificed — nay murdered — by a heartless and villainous administration as a propitiation to an outraged and indignant people, whom they had reduced to the brink of ruin. Never in the course of our cruising did we approach those “isles of the west,” but my heart smote me, and my blood ran cold, as I thought of the gallant and rightly prudent officer thus made the scapegoat of a set of miscreants, for each of whom the death he died would have been but too honorable for their deserts. But why do I say, *the death he died* ? Not one of the wretched beings by whom he was so betrayed, or by whom he was so condemned, *could* have died such a death ! — But Byng died the death of a hero, and the time will yet arrive when he will be ranked in the list of patriots. His merits and his sufferings are not yet ascertained in the country which he served ; but we know him in the navy. — There are but two terms which *we* apply to the instigators and movers of that scandalous trial, that blot on the annals of the day. Traitors and murderers they were, and the time will assuredly come when *our* opinions will be those of the whole world.

The name of Byng was hallowed in the Ardour, and by tacit consent we seemed to have resolved never to partake of festivities, or to mingle in society in the same degree at Majorca or Minorca, as in any other part of the Mediterranean. It gave a sort of check to the general animation, and furnished us with reflections injurious to the noble cause we had espoused ; such as, that we ourselves might be obnoxious to a similar fate, and that a whole life spent in brave and heroic action, could not always avert the shafts of malevolence or the reckless atrocities of selfish policy. It had a tendency to cool the ardor of devotion, which is so generally found in the naval service of every nation ; and the heaving of the anchor from *thence*, was always effected with more alacrity, by all ranks of the service, than from any other anchorage in the world. We breathed more freely as that land-mark sunk below the horizon ; and generally its total disappearance occasioned a sigh of relief, as if we once more felt ourselves cleared from dishonor.

We remained in the Mediterranean between three and four years, coming into Gibraltar from time to time to refit or get stores ; and contrived during that time to keep ourselves in pretty good action. From our superiority of sailing we were frequently detached from the fleet, and sent upon different cruising grounds, in the course of which, we contrived to achieve a few

cutting-out adventures, which, as I have given them to you a thousand times before, I will not inflict upon you again, — the rather that those affairs are so much alike, that they are pretty much like the brothers and sisters of the same family. We obtained also a fair share of prize-money, the greater part of which being paid almost promptly, or, as it is styled, “upon the capstan head,” helped to keep our purses from a state of entire collapsation, and lessened the regrets with which we should otherwise have regarded the length of time since the *ship was paid*. At length orders were received for our return to Portsmouth, and it was rumoured that the *Ardour* would be paid off, for the purpose of undergoing a thorough repair.

What a strange combination of feelings is conjured up among the *officers* of a man-of-war upon the prospect of such an event; and, after so long an absence even the seamen have their emotions. The lieutenants and ward-room officers began to bethink them of the interest they may have to obtain another appointment, or to get the step in promotion; the marine officers begin to brush up their recollections of barrack-duty, and with their anticipated delights of the shore, there comes the damper of the additional expenses of the mess. The *mids*, all full of life and hope, expect to get leave of absence, and speculate on the idea of who may be their next commander. With *us*, the general desire was to continue *followers* of Captain Ferguson, if he should obtain, as was highly probable, another command. *Jack's* speculations were of long leave, plenty of money, a joyous spending of it, and to sea again. Some of the better sort had a distant view of a warrant-officer's degree. A boatswain, gunner, carpenter, or even a master-at-arms, changing plain *Jack* into *Mister*, and a round jacket into a fore-and-after with the anchor button, together with a private cabin, or at least a birth to one's self, were points of elevation to which many hoped to reach, who felt conscious that they had stood the ordeal of Captain Ferguson's observing eye.

The morning arrived when the signal was made from the flag-ship for the Captain — we were then laying in the harbour of Valeta in Malta. He remained a considerable time, and returned with huge packets of papers. The moment we saw them, we knew the rest.

“All hands in boats, Mr. —,” was the order, as soon as with due dignity and composure he could give that command to the first lieutenant.

The order was given, and the operation fully performed.

“All hands unmoor ship, Sir,” was the next command, and a joyful rattling next ensued. Never were the bars shipped and swifted, — never was the messenger passed — never did landsmen and marines lie in to the capstan, with such alacrity as upon this exhilarating occasion. The drum and fife played sprightly as they stamped and went their round, and the pipe of the boatswain's mates, always uttering a sort of tremulous sound, indicative of “heave away,” seemed to be still more tremulous with delightful agitation. “Blue Peter” at the *fore*, gave information of what we were about, and boat after boat came alongside, with letters and missions for HOME! — Ah! That magic word *home*! The merest wanderers over the deep, the most reckless of the human race, if they do but hear the sound of that magic word, find within their bosoms a chord responsive; — unconsciously they sigh for a sight of the land of their fathers, for scenes, with which in one short week they would be weary.

The ship was unmoored, and we had hove short on the best bower, when a "belay" was piped for the purpose of taking a hasty dinner before getting under way. Even this was a scene to fill the heart of the philanthropist with delightful emotions. The rough weather-beaten countenances of the tars were beaming with joy, as they lifted their grog cups towards each other, and exchanged mutual pledges of health and success to the first meeting at "Sally-port," or the "Point." There was no occasion this time for the petty officers to hasten the conclusion of the meal, for all hands were in readiness long before the hoarse voice of Mr. Pipes could sing out "All hands make sail, a-hoy;"—and when the call *was* made, the *Ardour* out-did even herself in the rapidity with which it was executed. Then came the crowning order, "All hands up anchor, a-hoy;"—and up anchor it was:—the men seemed as if possessed of supernatural strength—no cry now was heard of "Heave—heave away—heave strong—heave and a-weigh"—the anchor was literally run up to the hause-holes. The ship's head was cast for dropping out,—again we were cheered as we left our companions, and again with energy and exultation we returned the cheers. The very sick in the bay felt the reviving influence of hope—home and recovered health were in the vista, and time and distance were lost in the prospect. The breeze favored us, and we had a free passage through the "gut" of Gibraltar—a most propitious circumstance, as that is too frequently a source of much delay. From thence we steered to the northward—took two vessels, French West-Indiamen, near the mouth of the Channel, and arrived with our prizes in safety at Spithead.

I must here recount to you a kind of a episode in our drama. There was in the fleet, a sixty-four gun ship named the Dictator, the captain of which, a good-natured dunderpate, understood nothing of discipline; the consequence was a great deal of flogging, still more of forgiveness, and not a little of desertion whenever occasion served. When she was lying in the bay of Naples, three men contrived to escape with one of the boats, which was fastened astern of the ship, and made the best of their way out of the bay, intending, it was supposed, to get into some obscure bight, so as to make a safe retreat. In this, however, they were mistaken;—the commander of an English sloop of war, which was entering the bay at day break in the morning, spied this boat and crew, and thinking they made but a suspicious sort of appearance, brought them to, and had them taken on board. Of course, there was no difficulty in ascertaining to what ship they belonged; and immediately after the arrival of the sloop at anchorage, they were sent on board the Dictator. The next day the three offenders received each his four dozen, which is one dozen more than the ordinary complement, and was intended to be very impressive.—Alas! It failed altogether; for on the very night succeeding the punishment, six men went off again with one of the ship's cutters; they consisted of a quartermaster, a gunner's mate, a captain of the fore-top, a signalman, and two *able* seamen. The signalman had even the hardihood to take with him the signal-book.

Of course they were soon missed, and great was the confusion occasioned by the event. The lieutenant of the watch, and the midshipmen, were put under arrest for neglect of duty, and boats were sent in every direction in pursuit of the fugitives, it being a matter of the last importance, that the signals should not fall into strange or hostile hands. On the evening of the next

day, one of the boats returned with the fugitives, who had been taken in the very act of landing. They were put in irons, and preparations were made for a court-martial, the issue of which, it was well understood beforehand, must be fatal to them. Their offence was of the highest magnitude. They had deserted from their ship, they were petty officers having a charge, they had stolen a boat, they had carried off the signals of their country, and all this in the very face of a punishment for a similar kind of offence. No chance was in their favor, the yard-arm was to be their certain doom, and the wretched men had begun to frame their minds to such a consummation, when the joyful news arrived, that upon the attainment of the Prince of Wales,—now Prince Regent,—to his majority, a jubilee had been graciously accorded by His Majesty; a general release was ordered of all prisoners then under arrest for offences against martial law; and a general pardon for all who would avail themselves of it, and return to their duty.

Great were the rejoicings on the promulgation of the news, which was read publicly on every quarter-deck, accompanied by an address from the commander of each vessel to the ship's company, expressive of the gracious condescension of the sovereign, and of the additional obligation which it imposed on every faithful subject, to be true to the colors under which he served, and to the kind and merciful ruler, to whom he owed at once allegiance and gratitude. The culprits above alluded to, were of course released and sent to their duty, but were likewise disgraced, and placed in lower grades of their ship's company. This rankled upon their minds;—it was evident that no good could be obtained from them in the fleet, and therefore, upon the representation of Captain Sweetman, that they were injurious to the service whilst they remained in the squadron, an order was given for their discharge into the *Ardour*, and private instructions were given to Captain Ferguson, as to the most eligible mode of disposing of them, on our arrival at a British Port.

Accordingly, we had not been two days at moorings at Spithead, before two of them made application for leave to go ashore, which was instantly granted, and the remaining four made a similar application the next day, who met with a like acquiescence. Their character and conduct had been made known to the Port Admiral, who gave instructions on the subject, and although it is next to impossible for stray seamen to make an effectual escape by land beyond the lines which surrounded Portsmouth, yet we never saw them more. Their passage had been connived at,—they went their way, leaving three years' pay in arrears, and both sides saw reason to rejoice in the arrangement.

I do not remember that I ever described to you the "state and condition" of a ship about to be paid off.—It exhibits strange scenes.—You shall understand that the children of Israel, and the class of general merchants, *yclept* bumboat men and women, are something like the *genus* in Ornithology, known to the world in general under the term *vulture*; they can scent their quarry a long way off. Hardly were we moored, before we were surrounded by boats which brought from the shore legs of mutton,—the tar's luxurious dish,—vegetables, soft "tack," tea, and may-be very snugly a drop of the "creature";—the latter, however, was not got on board without a manœuvre, as the master-at-arms, and the ship's corporals, had received the strictest injunctions to use vigilance, in preventing liquors from being introduced. But who can prevent that which it is the desire of the majority

to effect? — And where is the sublunary institution, so perfect as not to have a particle of corruption mingled up in it. Moreover, to use a military phrase, how shall we defend the place when there is an enemy in the garrison? It is well known that Jack is the most loving and affectionate of heaven's creatures, and that he has cousins and relations, of some sort or other, in every port of the wide world. These came in such shoals to see their friends after long absence, and being, as it happened, all of the gentler sex, that our officials could neither exercise their authority against the visiters, nor preclude the introduction of the forbidden liquor; moreover, they found themselves amply employed in subduing the clamor of tongues at first, and of restraining the energy of fists in a little time, such was the ardour of debate, and the warmth with which conversations were carried on.

Such was the glow of affection, and sympathy of soul, between the cousins ashore, and cousins afloat, that, in six hours, it was found necessary to refuse admission to any more relations; the rather that those who had already arrived, showed no design of returning to the shore, until all the stories

“Of moving accidents by flood and field,—
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;”—

in short, and to put an end to this,—the worst part of my recollections,—it was a scene of licentiousness far outstripping what your pure mind can conceive, and one which, I regret to add, is too common in the ships of the navy. The old saying, which in a sea-song is thought very poetical, that in every port the sailor finds a wife, is, when stripped of its coloring and seen as an unadorned fact, the very reverse of sentimental.

These damsels keep up an excellent understanding with the bumboat people and the Jews. In the first place, they must have every *delicacy* which the shore can produce; and generous, or rather profuse, Jack takes care that there shall be no deficiency, so far as his credit is good. Now, this is pretty accurately ascertained by the venders, who, in the course of a short conversation, get out the following queries by a “*circumbendibus*,” according to their phraseology. “Did you belong to the ship when she went on the station?—From what ship did you join her?—Ah, then you have pay lists from the — as well as pay due from the Ardour?—I should suppose, a man like you is rated A.B?—Do they serve slops very often in this here ship?”—All these questions are insinuated at proper places, not so abruptly as to startle honest Jack into suspicions, but sufficiently probing him to ascertain exactly what he can bear, and then lay it on accordingly.

The next day comes the Jew with his trinket box, — I should rather say the tribe of Jews come with their commodities, and here they find a goodly market. — “Sal would like this, — and Bet was just wishing for that; — By the lord I think I should like that watch myself.” The glistening valueless impositions, are actually quarreled for by these unthinking, overgrown boys, and they find it so easy to obtain credit of the *open-hearted* dealers, who are contented to gain not more than five hundred per cent, that the boxes of wares are soon exhausted. These knaves, both Jew and Gentile, would also accomodate *their good friend* with a little ready cash, “as he must be desirous of going ashore for a spree, — it is but natural, and all the security they wish for, is — just his *will and power* to receive his wages.”

Jack gets leave for the shore, — gets drunk, as a matter of course, — for what else is there worth going ashore for? — Falls into the hands of some of the aforesaid worthies or their emissaries, who fleece him to his last shilling, and he comes on board again with empty pockets. He has had his spree for his money — he is well satisfied — he borrows more, which goes the same way, and this is the enjoyment of a man-of-war's-man.

The following anecdote is genuine, and is an additional proof of the heedlessness of poor Jack for aught beyond the passing moment, or those which most immediately attend it. A poor fellow who, like ourselves, had been long upon a foreign station, and had consequently great arrears of pay, besides prize money, to receive, was so fortunate, in his own estimation, as to receive a considerable portion of the latter, immediately after his arrival into port; and this was soon followed by an order for the payment of one third of the arrears, together with *long leave* to the ship's company in divisions, to allow them to see their friends and ancient homes. Jack's heart beat high with expectation of a glorious spree; he and three companions were for London, to see the Tower and the Lions, and — what not — and be jolly, — and *enjoy themselves*. Lots of shiners to veer and haul upon, they were the happiest, as well as the most thoughtless, of men; — all except our friend, who, in a fit of forethought, considering how mutable are all human possessions, abstracted from his stock a ten guinea note, which he carefully folded in his black silk neckcloth, “as a *preventer brace*, if the rest of the running rigging should chance to be carried away.”

Away then for London they started and “swayed away upon all top-ropes.” They soon parted company, for each having a roving commission, they were not likely to continue cruising in the same latitude. Jack's money somehow oozed out faster than he could account for; and in truth he had not kept much of a reckoning since the shore-cruise commenced; he began to feel sundry misgivings of an empty purse, and a break-down of his career. One morning found him seated on a tomb-stone in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Shadwell; he was scratching his head, and looking ruefully to right and left; — presently he began to rummage the pockets of his jacket, waistcoat, trowsers, — alas! to no effect! He had already done so a dozen times before. He next peeped into his hat; then into his tobacco-box. A dreary void in each of these recesses! He slapped his thigh, turned his quid, and again he scratched his poll. In vain, — no relief was afforded by these exertations. He mused, then rubbed the side of his half-bared neck with his fore-finger. In the last action, he chanced to touch his neckcloth. It was like an electric shock; in an instant he tore it from his neck; hastily, and with tremulous hands, he unravelled its folds; — the note appeared before his enraptured eyes. — He seized it, shook it aloft in the air, and exclaimed in a voice of triumph, “Aha! D—n their eyes, I have done them yet.”

Such was the exultation of this poor fellow; — he had no animosity against the crew of harpies, who had drained him of his riches. This he deemed to be but the common lot; but he greatly magnified his own sagacity, which, by keeping this note out of their ken, had enabled him to carry on the war, for another broadside, and to “die glorious, if die he must.”

When we had been about a week at Spithead, I was sent for by Captain Ferguson, to dine with him at his hotel; and was desired to be with him

half an hour before dinner, as he wished to say a few words to me. The nature of this message was two-fold and contradictory. Whenever Captain F. had to give a lecture to a young officer, he always sent for him, and delivered it in private, whereas his praises were always given in public: on the other hand, he was not in the habit of delivering his censures at one moment, and behaving at the next as if they were mere things of course, and to be disregarded, which would be the case in the event of dining with him, for the suavity and politeness of his manners at his own table were the delight of all who knew him. There was nothing for it, however, but to obey, and therefore, in my "best bib and tucker," I went ashore and straight to the Crown Hotel. He was waiting for me, and as soon as I had taken my seat at his desire, he commenced what he had to say to me at once:

"Mr. R." said he, "you are aware, I hope, that whatever may be my sentiments and opinions of any officer under my command, and particularly of those under my immediate protection, I never suppress them, whether they be favorable, or otherwise.

I bowed in silence, and he proceeded:

"I have observed with satisfaction, young gentleman, that whilst your companions have been pestering me for leave of absence, which I could not grant, you have gone properly on, assisting in the duties of the ship, and preparing for what we all know is her ultimate destination, — paying her off. This, in justice to you I must say, is only consonant with your general deportment since you have been under my command; and it is with pleasure that I can now voluntarily offer you that leave, which I doubt not you have as eagerly wished for, as those who have been more importunate.

"You can set off if you please to-morrow, and I will write to your uncle myself, my sentiments respecting your conduct and prospects. I shall probably pay the ship off myself, and I have every expectation of being appointed to the *Impregnable*, 98; would you like still to serve under me? Speak candidly, and without fear of offence."

I replied that nothing could give me greater pleasure than to serve still under a brave officer like him, and one to whom I owed the obligations of a friend and relation, as much as those of a commander.

"I give you credit for sincerity," said he, smiling, "and your compliment deserves another. So long as you continue to deserve my good offices, — and I have no fears on that head, — you shall find me a substantial friend, to the extent of my influence. — You may remain at home until I write for you, which will probably be a month from hence, and I trust when we again tread the same deck, we shall not again part until I see you a lieutenant."

My heart was full, with the kindness of this generous officer; — he saw my emotion, and changed the conversation to ordinary topics. I dined with him and a few others, my superior officers; — took my passage next day for Hull, and in four nights more was in the arms of my dear and excellent uncle,

THE DEATH OF ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis of France, who embarked with an army for Palestine in 1270, landing at Tunis, was besieged by the inhabitants in the town of Carthage, and with great numbers of his chiefs, fell a victim to the plague. In his dying moments, he caused himself to be removed from his couch, and placed upon ashes; and in that situation expired.

THE sun had well nigh set; on Afric's strand
 The billows, tipped with silver, kissed the sand,
 As if they leaped rejoicing in the light,
 Whose mellowing radiance ushered in the night.
 From cloudless skies the purple lustre fell
 O'er palmy plain, and hill, and shady dell,
 While o'er the peopled city, towering near,
 The rays gleamed back from shield and burnished spear,
 And the faint breezes many a banner stirred,
 And many a waving plume. Yet was there heard
 From those still streets no voice, nor mortal clang
 Of thrilling trumpet's tone, nor wildly rang
 The war-steed's tramp; nor the stern warrior's song
 Broke forth in gladness from that ghastly throng.
 Silence unbroken, deep as of the dead,
 Brooded around;—for Pestilence had spread
 Her withering wings, and quenched the soldier's pride,
 And prisoned in each breast the bounding tide.
 Helpless in life's last throb the champion lay,
 In his full manhood,—he who in the day
 Of strength and youth had buckled on his heel
 The knightly spur, and grasped the avenging steel
 For France and glory; he, whose matchless might
 O'erwhelmed all foes; whose name, if heard in fight,
 Back from each front could make the life-blood start,
 And turn to coward's every warrior's heart.
 Moveless he lay, — unmasked and powerless now,
 With none to wipe the death-sweat from his brow.
 His hand was on his blade, his eager eye
 Glanced feebly upward to the glowing sky,
 As if to curse the fierce and searching air
 That scorched his brain, and drank the life-blood there.
 Youth too was near; the fearless step, and glow
 Of kindling pride, all changed and vanished now.
 And woman, with her deep devoted love,
 That smiles at change, — all mortal fear above;
 Pale, wasted, but intent alone to give
 Strength to the weak, and bid the sufferer live.
 Oh! Different far their aspect and the scene
 From what its gorgeous pomp so late had been,
 When girded in their might, that glorious band
 Had passed in triumph from their native land,

Honored and hailed by noble and by slave,
To reap the promised guerdon of the brave.
Gaily with rapture in that kindling hour
The gallant knight forsook his lady's bower,
Knelt in farewell, her hand with fervor pressed,
That bound the sacred symbol on his breast,
And rushed to follow in the path of fame
His royal chief. From breast to breast the flame
Of holy ardor spread, — their cause was blest
By priest and saint; their swords should win the rest!
France poured her bravest forth to swell the band,
Beauty, with tearful eyes and waving hand,
Watched their departure; while the trumpet's peal
From rank to rank was heard, the clash of steel
The martial clangor answered, and the cry,
Echoed by joyous shouts, was — "France and victory!"

Led by their princely chieftain, they had passed
Through ocean storms, nor feared the tempest's blast;
In trusting zeal to Afric's shores of wo,
They came to seek there friends, and found a foe!
Was this the fruit of all their welcome toil,
Ignoble graves, upon a foreign soil?
Had they the joys, which once were theirs resigned,
Of home and love, such guerdon here to find?
Thus must they perish, with besieging bands
Of foes without the gates, while round them stands
Yon frowning wall, as if its massy height
Had risen to mock the vainly yearning sight;
And e'en the strength, their sinking frames deny
To seek the field, where they might bravely die!
And where was he, at whose beloved side
Thousands had rushed to die? Who had defied
The haughty Saracen, and come to free
The holy shrine from heathen mockery,
Their leader and their king? Oh! never more
His hand shall wield the sceptre, or before
His mailed bands, lead them in victory's way!
Pale, haggard, motionless, the monarch lay
Upon his couch, while mournful round him stood
A few brave friends, who would have poured their blood
To stay his ebbing life. From his damp brow
The helmet was removed, too heavy now
To press those temples, while upon his cheek
The life-blood lingered in one last faint streak,
And the dim haze of death crept slowly o'er
The eye whose glance could now command no more.
Around, disease's blighting touches told
His fearful ravages on features bold
And noble in their paleness; no face there
Wore not the brand of suffering and despair;
Yet all stood silent, for a heavier blow
Made each, in this, forget his selfish wo.

The Mountain Ash.

Tears fell unchecked and fast ; then, while the hue
 Of hastening death grew deeper, wide they threw
 The casement, — on his couch the day-beam played ;
 The admitted light dispelled the solemn shade,
 O'er his wan face the broad pale radiance streamed,
 And sadder still that place of mourning seemed.
 He turned and gazed. The sea-breeze, fresh and light,
 Blew on his cheek, while full before his sight,
 In distance softened, rolled the heaving sea :
 Its billows gleamed as brightly, and as free
 Danced in the light, as when his fleet had pressed
 Broad and triumphant, ocean's willing breast.
 His ships were on the shore, dismantled, tost
 By every wave that lashed the sandy coast,
 Their pennons tattered hung, no more the sail
 Wooing in swelling pride the freshening gale ;
 Vain wrecks of hope and triumph, there they lay !
 Alas ! no mortal tongue might dare to say
 What thoughts of anguish rack'd the monarch's breast.
 " Accursed of God ! " he cried, " and thus unblest,
 'Tis not for me in kingly state to die !
 It may be that my late humility
 Will yet avert from those who linger here
 The wrath of heaven. — Prepare the sinner's bier ! "
 Striving to change his desperate will in vain,
 Weeping, they bear him to his bed of pain,
 The last he e'er shall press ! " Thus, thus ! " he cried,
 In shame I pay the penalty of pride !
 Thus with repentance, and with humble trust
 In Him who smites, is dust consigned to dust !
 Giver of deathless life ! God ! who dost spare
 The guilty, even in vengeance, hear my prayer !
 Accept my offered penance ! Be thy dread
 Just chastisement poured only on my head !
And save my people ! " As these accents passed
 From his pale lips, a flush, the deepest, last,
 Crimsoned his dying face, a sudden gleam
 Of martyr triumph kindled with its beam
 His closing eyes, and ere its lustre fled,
 The self-devoted rested with the dead.

E. F. E.

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

From the Æneid, Book 2, Line 626.

So from yon peak some immemorial ash, —
 When woodmen ply the steel with emulous crash,
 Their rapid strokes fast ringing, — to and fro,
 With shivering foliage, nods to every blow ;
 Then, slowly vanquish'd, drags, with shuddering groan,
 A kindred ruin from its mountain throne.

H.

KNOW THYSELF.

This is some fellow
 Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy rudeness, and constrains the garb
 Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he! —
 An honest man and plain, — he must speak truth:
 An they will take it, so; — if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in their plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends
 Than twenty silly, ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely. — SHAKESPEARE.

"WHAT shall I do?" exclaimed Tom Neverdo, in despair. "I have exhausted every line of business of which I had the slightest knowledge; I have been every thing by turns, — but nothing thrives with me, — to whatsoever I turn my hand it flies before me, and leaves but the prospect of utter beggary and starvation to myself, and to these unfortunates, my wife and children."

This was uttered to one whom Tom called his friend; — one, however, who possessed a quality which precluded the idea of friendship in the true sense of the word. Mr. Caustic was a man to whom either failings or misfortunes gave occasion to pour forth a torrent of ill-natured censure, which he designated by the term philosophical reflection. He was a speculative moralist, and made the follies and infirmities of others the subjects of his animadversion. Caustic was shrewd and intelligent, but he was heartless and unfeeling; he could inflict a wound, and then probe it with the most inflexible coolness, and never was guilty of letting slip the opportunity. In most men, there is a morbid inclination of one kind or other, if one only knew where to find it; and that of Caustic was to see the victim of his spleen writhing under the lash of his cutting observation. Easy in his circumstances, and a bachelor, the warmer sentiment of love had never touched his bosom; and though he was not altogether incapable of friendship, still his notions of that feeling were so rugged, that they deterred the generality of his acquaintance from cultivating it in any close degree, from consciousness that they might purchase it at too dear a price. Mr. Caustic was however believed to understand human nature very well, — to be experienced in the ways and wiles of the world; and, in short, a man upon whose judgment a considerable reliance might be placed — if one could summon courage enough to stand the fire of his spleen, and the bitterness of his sarcasm, which were the certain price of the advice he might give.

Tom Neverdo was a very different character, — or rather he possessed *no* character that deserved the name. Tom and Caustic had been brought up at the same school, and had finished their studies in the same college. *Finished* is the word made use of here, instead of completed — for be it known to you, gentle readers, that to *complete* the education of Tom Neverdo would have puzzled a conjurer, which, by the way, is a title that is sometimes to be found — down east — where Tom submitted to the rod.

Heavy were the throes of Thomas in acquiring a knowledge of the alphabet ; — spelling he could never master, — grammar was utterly out of the question ; — and as for the sciences or languages, the very thought of them made poor Tom groan in spirit. He would go any *where*, do any *thing*, rather than open that receptacle of cabalistic characters — a book. His head was heavy, his perceptions dull, and Thomas used to utter a sigh of regret, as he saw the children of the poorer classes going forth to labor in the fields, whilst he was proceeding to a severer and more hopeless labor in the school.

From week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, did Tom drudge ineffectually at his task. Continually were his parents annoyed at the almost stationary condition of his education ; — they had sense enough to perceive that it was no fault of his teachers ; and their only hope was that time might develope some germs of intellect, and that, though late, he might yet acquire something of that useful knowledge which the condition of society, in which they expected to place him, rendered necessary. This was the rather fostered, because Tom occasionally managed to avoid actual disgrace, by means of his school-fellow Caustic, who, though he honored him at all times with the title of blockhead and ass, would frequently lend him a hand out of the mire, though not till he had exhausted all his spleen upon him. The hopes, however, of Tom's friends were fallacious ; he left school and college a finished — dunce ; and it became necessary to consider how he should be placed in life, so as best to screen his ignorance, and prevent him from injuring his own prospects.

"Tom, you shall be a doctor," observed his father one evening, at the close of a serious consultation upon the subject.

"A doctor, sir — what — a physician ?" replied Tom in dismay. "It is impossible, sir ; I could never turn my mind to such a thing."

"Pooh — pooh," replied the father ; — "You are at years now when it will not do to be throwing time away. Here is no place to deceive ourselves ; you know, Tom, you are not *bright*, and I do really think that the profession of a physician will be as likely to cover your defects as any in the world. Why, man, you need only look grave, and shake your head, and then you will be as wise as the best of them."

"*Look* as wise, you mean," said Caustic, who happened to be of the party.

"Well, *look* as wise then, if you please," replied the old gentleman ; "if we can't get the reality, the resemblance is something. So Tom, my boy, prepare to commence your studies ; I shall introduce you to-morrow to the office of an old friend, Dr. —, under whom you will be most likely to succeed, as he knows your disposition as well as we do ourselves."

Poor Tom went to his *new* task, worked hard, and was *pushed* through his examination ; — opened an office — nearly killed his first patient — never had a second — was obliged to give up his office — practice *had* given up him — dropped the M. D. and thought of trying an agricultural life, towards which indeed his first wishes had tended.

"But you ought to have a wife, Tom, before you turn farmer," observed his father. "There are so many things to be done at home which require the managing hand of a wife, that I fear a *brighter* lad than you would not be able to succeed without a help-mate."

Now Tom was prepared for this ; for it so happened, that, notwithstanding the obtuseness of his intellects, and the general inaptitude to take impression, the bright eyes of a neighbour's daughter had caused a flame, — the only flame by which his heart had ever been warmed in the course of his life. He had even been moved by it so far, as to endeavor to make a progress in her affections ; in which, however strange it may appear, when the reader is told that she was a smart and lively girl, — he succeeded. He now informed his father of his wishes, and begged of him to take steps to procure the consent of her parents, as, with her for a companion and help-mate, he thought he might *get along*.

His parents sighed as they thought of the possible fate which awaited poor Mary ; but who will not rather put the children of others into jeopardy than their own ? They considered, too, that there had not been any decided symptoms of bad temper or habits exhibited by him, and that farming would be found such a straight-forward business that he could hardly err materially. They therefore resolved to make proposals for an alliance, and even to make sacrifices in his favour, which were rather greater than they felt justified in making, as regarded the interests of their other children, — in order to induce a compliance with their wishes, and to settle their unfortunate son in the way of an honest livelihood.

The negociation succeeded, and now behold Tom Neverdo settled on a farm, with a good stock of cattle about him, a stirring and industrious wife to manage affairs about the farm-yard and house, and presenting him yearly, besides, an addition to what is frequently the best company — domestic society. But, somehow, Tom managed his farm no better than his physis. He could not understand the nature of soils, nor the qualities of cattle ; — all went wrong, and it was deemed necessary to take him from the farm before the farm should be taken from him. The stock and crops were sold to a shrewd Yankee, who understood the value of both, and Tom came to New York once more, determined to embark his little capital in trade. — Alas ! Trade in the hands of Tom Neverdo was as unfortunate as physis or farming. He did not understand accompts, and was cheated at home. He did not understand the articles in which he dealt, and was cheated abroad. His wife did all in her power to keep things right, but her family was rapidly increasing, and took up much of her attention ; and besides, ignorance is generally accompanied by her twin-sister obstinacy. Tom had by this time made one acquisition to his characteristic, — an almost inflexible determination to follow up any purpose which he should take in hand, and the advice of others seemed only to drive him the more steadfastly on in his own way. Driven from one line of business, he tried another, and another — still imagining that his intercourse with the commercial world had given him some insight into matters. He was mistaken ; insight was beyond the range of poor Tom's ability : — he was gradually sinking into the abyss of poverty, and railing at the world on account of that which was really his own fault, or rather his own misfortune.

It was one morning, that under a moody fit of disappointment, his friend Caustic happened to look in upon him ; and perceiving in him an unusual depression of spirits, he asked whether any thing particular was the mat-

ter. Tom was not shy in unburthening his mind, and concluded his relation by exclaiming as we commenced by recounting.

"You have done more than that, Neverdo," replied Caustic; "for between you and me, Tom, I don't think you ever knew an iota of the professions in which you have had the misfortune to drudge, you —"

"Mr. Caustic," said Tom, with rather more spirit than was his wont, to that gentleman, "I did not ask your advice, and therefore you might spare your abuse; — you were curious enough to inquire my thoughts, and I gave them to you, presuming you were my friend, and not expecting to be affronted in return."

"Nay, nay, Tom, don't be peppery," rejoined his friend; "I am not blaming *you*, but *nature*, my friend; and moreover, the old gentleman, and even I myself, have some share of blame due to us. We should have advised your going into the church, Tom; — for there you would have nothing to do but read your book, and be melancholy and solemn, and you then could have done harm to no human being — not even to yourself — and might have had a character for depth and *solidity*, and been at the head of a numerous and respectable congregation; — instead of which, here you are on the brink of destruction; and here am I — the only man that can put you in the way to get out of it."

"As how, pray?" Exclaimed the other, checking the angry reply that was upon his lips, in hopes even through the ungenerous language of his friend to catch a hint for his movement.

"Why, I've been thinking, that as you say every thing has gone wrong with you in matters that you were at all acquainted with, — suppose you were to try something that you know nothing of, — something of which you shall be utterly and profoundly ignorant; — for, as *skill* and *judgment* have given you up, *chance* may restore you: — at any rate, you cannot do worse."

"Why — what you have me do?"

"Do? — Turn critic! I'm sure you know little enough of that; but I'll —"

"Mr. Caustic, do you come here to insult my misfortunes?"

"Be quiet, Tom, can't ye? — I tell you, turn critic. — You have one qualification for it at least, and to your credit be it spoken, it is an acquired one. — Ill-nature. Write at every thing, man — abuse it, abuse the author, abuse even abusers! Throw in hard language, heavily and unsparingly, and my life for it, you will get the character of an *intelligent*, but severe critic."

"But, Caustic, you once before gave me advice of this kind, and I followed it during the short time that I was in the "*Columbian*;" — and then, you know, it turned me out. — Why should you think it will do better now?"

"Pshaw — the name was a bad one, and you were not half *severe* enough; — you did not know how to call names with *sufficient emphasis*. Come, here is a new paper wants something pungent, and one not afraid to bespatter its adversaries. I'll get you an engagement in it, if you dare slash boldly."

"Which do you mean, the *Tria Juncta in uno*, the *Looking-glass* of the *Times*, or the *Hercules*."

"Neither, Tom, neither; these are not new, nor do they need such aid as I have described; these stand on their establishments, — are deservedly favorites with the public, and could only be injured by your aid, my friend. No, I mean the — 'faith, I forget the name — the *Scorpion*, the *Ursa Major*, or some such thing. — Say the word, and I'll get you the engagement immediately; and what's more, I'll lend you a lift myself, Tom, when you want to give a drubbing. — But mind the ink must have plenty of gall, and the pen a broad nib."

Tom promised, and was installed editor of the *Ursa Major*. True to his engagement, he belabored without mercy, and without qualification of terms, all that he understood to be unacceptable in the eyes of his party — for his paper had a party. A straight jacket, clean straw, or a tailor's needle, was awarded to every one whose opinions did not coincide with — no, not his own, for he had not one; but with — those whom he was bound to honor; whilst, on the contrary, each was lauded to the skies which came from the hands of friends to the true cause.

The boldness of censure, and the virulence of his abuse for some time astonished the world. People would not at first believe that a person could so far commit himself, unless he had duly weighed and properly understood the subject of his criticism; and the *Ursa Major* began to acquire the character of a bold and unshrinking work. Tom fancied that his forte had at length been discovered, and was struck with astonishment on finding, that he who had all his life long been considered as a hopeless dunce, and who had himself entertained sentiments not altogether dissimilar, should now be the oracle of the literary public, the scourge of dulness, the encourager of *modest merit*.

But "all is not gold that glitters." After a while, it began to be discovered, that the *Ursa Major* had but two tunes, or, in other words, two sets of phrases. Of works, which the voice of fame had established, and which the editor dared not to condemn for fear his own judgment should be impeached, and he should not be able to defend it, he echoed the popular applause, and exaggerated the praise in order to shew the ardor of his admiration; — of those whom his master — it is an odious word, but it must have vent — chose to criticise favorably, the fair speeches rang the changes, and the works became all but immortal; whilst, on the other hand, all that were unknown to fame, or were thought to be adverse to the *Ursa Major* and its supporters, were bespattered with abuse, and cut to pieces without mercy. Now action and re-action, from the same cause, are always equal in physics; and it has been pretty generally ascertained to be the same in morals; — the very impulse which carried the *Ursa Major* to its acme, brought it down to its level. Its readers began to discover that it was but a virulent, vulgar engine, set in motion to assist or support others; — contempt succeeded to admiration, and neglect followed hard upon contempt. But the parties concerned in the *property* of the publication still upheld Tom — for Tom was an unflinching thorough-going partizan, who cared not for dirty work provided it brought in pay.

So gross were the absurdities, in which the *Ursa Major* dealt, that no one was at the trouble to answer the philippics, or the laudatory criticisms, and thus Mr. Neverdo persuaded himself, that, like Richard of Gloucester, he had mistaken himself all this time, and that in fact, he was

—"a marvellous proper man;"—

the only difference was, that what Gloucester uttered in derision, Tom thought in reality ; and meeting his friend Caustic one day, he entered into a loud and joyful account of the happy suggestion, which had made him a popular character, and man of fame.

"Stop, Tom, stop," interrupted Caustic, — "it is by no means so clear, that we are all the right way yet. I advised you to cut boldly, my friend, but not to cut blindly ; and therein is a difference, which requires a circumspection greater than you possess, and I must have been as blind as you, to overlook your want of it. You have run *a-muck*, Thomas, and have said such things, as would have rendered you liable to a severe reckoning, if your victims had not measured you more accurately, than you have measured their labors.

"Ah, you cannot help carping !" exclaimed Neverdo, "but you know, nevertheless, that this last is a capital hit. I have found out my *forte* at length, and the scribblers around, are at my feet. Not one has dared to call in question my remarks, and therefore, as their credit is at stake, and they would if they could, all I have to say is, — they can't if they would."

"Tom, Tom, thy *forte* is not found yet ; — and I tell thee again, I made a grand mistake when I recommended thee to use edge-tools. Thou hast hacked and hewn all about thee, and hast left marks of the fury of thine arm ; — but I fear thou hast injured thy tool, and thine own muscles, more than the trunks against which thou hast struck ; thou hast moved to laughter, rather than to anger. In sober-sadness, Neverdo, you have used my advice too *literally*, and its consequences are impending over your head. — Farewell."

Neverdo returned homewards ruminating on his friend's prophecy, and upon entering the house, found a letter, too sadly confirming the indistinct fears, which he had begun to entertain. The proprietors had, at a meeting, been alarmed at the great falling off in the number of subscriptions, and the still greater number of notices for discontinuance, at the various ensuing periods. The number of remonstrances, and some threats, had also aided them in coming to the resolution to close their paper, before they should do so with loss. — To change their principles was impossible, without such tergiversation as even the *ursa major* had not face to attempt.

Once more poor Neverdo was thrown upon the world. In the hey-day of his late good fortune, he had lived high, — saw much company, to which he was the rather incited, because he received, in return, that most agreeable of incense, flattery. He gave dinners, and imagined, by all this, he was augmenting his popularity, and increasing his fame. He received invitations in return, and thus his visitors paid their *quid pro quo*. But when the *Ursa Major* was no longer found among the literary constellations, and the loaves and fishes, which abounded when she was in the ascendant, begun to wax thin, as she waned, so also did the *friends* of his temporary triumph. His dinners ceased, and so did theirs. He called on them all, — but somehow they were never at home. His wife strove to comfort him. It was in vain, — he had neglected her advice in the hour of prosperity, and he now saw the misery which her prudence would have averted, come with rapid strides towards him.

But with all his faults, Tom Neverdo was not a lazy fellow, he was not above doing any thing to earn a livelihood for his family. He had not courage to see Caustic again, for his soul was sunk with his fortunes. He

gradually sunk lower and lower in the scale of social being, and his search of employment became gradually of a lower description. Finally, however, he obtained work, but it was of a laborious kind; it required not *skill* of the head, but strength of the body, and therefore Tom, who was of athletic powers, could grapple with it. He kept the employment for many years, and died a foreman in the business; — it was that of a wholesale stationer. His excellent wife assisted by her needle, and by careful attention to domestic affairs, and poor Tom's children were comfortably brought forward into the world.

It was about a year after he had got into the business, that his old acquaintance, Caustic, happened to pass the store, as Tom was carrying from a wagon, a bundle of paper. They stopped and exchanged a few words, — but at parting, Caustic could not refrain from saying with his usual bitterness, "Ah, Tom! I ever thought, within my own mind, that your real forte would be that of a *porter*."

P.

FABLE — FROM THE SPANISH.

A BEAR with whom his master sought
An honest living to obtain,
Vain of his dancing, once essayed
The meed of other's praise to gain.

Triumphant on the circle round
Gazing — an ape at length he spied.
"What think you of my art?" quoth he —
"Bad — bad"! the cynic ape replied.

"Indeed!" the disappointed brute
Sullen rejoined; — "'tis envy's strain!
Is not my air the height of grace?
And every step with judgment ta'en?"

A pig approached; — with rapture gazed —
"Wondrous!" he cried; "what steps! what mien!
A dancer of such magic skill
Ne'er has, nor ever will be seen!"

Bruin the sentence heard, and paused;
Long in his brain revolved the same,
Then thus, with modest attitude,
Humbled and changed, was heard exclaim —

"When the wise monkey censured me,
I 'gan to fear my labor vain;
But since the *pig* has praised — alas!
I ne'er shall dare to dance again!"

Each author to this rule attend, —
Doubt fortune, if the critic blames,
But when your work the fools commend,
At once consign it to the flames!

SKETCHES OF TURKEY IN 1831 AND 1832. By an American. 8vo. pp. 627. New York. Harpers. 1833.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 152.)

WE resume our notice of this very interesting work, from which we were sorry to break off in compliance with the demand for variety, which a periodical is expected to furnish.

That powerful sentiment of the Turk, which is one of the prime movers of all his actions, — fatalism, — has not been without its due notice by our author. It has been frequently remarked of the arch-impostor, Mahomet, that he had well and truly studied mankind; — that is to say mankind as exhibited in the oriental parts of the world. In countries abounding with the spontaneous productions of the earth, a salubrious climate, and a warm atmosphere, there is every temptation offered to unassisted reason, to indulge in indolence and inaction, and of consequence the pleasures of such a life are those of sense. Again, on the other hand, in those same countries, where so much of the property of the inhabitants consists of flocks and herds, and so much wandering is necessary, for the due preservation and augmentation of them, there are not only many opportunities for abstracting portions of such property, but there are also opportunities for retaliation, and even for aggression, if it should suit the purpose. Hence, feudatory warfare is extremely common even among nations of indolent people, and hence a warlike spirit is not entirely incompatible with an inactive disposition. Of all people in the world, *we* are bound to acquiesce in this. — We know that the Indians of our own continent when in, the midst of plenty, are the most inclined to inaction; they will remain in their villages, gormandize and sleep excessively, whilst provisions are abundant, and only rouse themselves to exertion, when necessity calls them forth.

Mahomet knew well how to make the parts of this heterogeneous disposition harmonize for his purpose. He captivated their imagination by warm and voluptuous descriptions of the paradise of his disciples; he addressed all the passions by which such a people were likely to be inflamed, and made it an object of the greater magnitude, to attain to such blessed results. — To effect which, no extraordinary degree of mental attainments were necessary; no severe code of moral virtues must necessarily be practised, nor any abstruse dogmata of theology be professed or studied. “There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet” was the leading principle, and in the belief of it they *must not* be passive. To fight in defence of the new religion, was to open to themselves a road to delights prepared for the *true believer*, and to die for the faith, was to pass directly to eternal happiness.

These, however, might not have been motives sufficiently persuasive with such a people, but the Prophet of Islamism, subjoined another principle, which having once obtained footing was, with the others, all-powerful to prevail; — the doctrine of fatalism, by which the Turkish warrior feels assured that there are no means of escape from his destiny, and that until the pre-destined hour shall arrive, he is in perfect security. — This notion, at first inculcated among the soldiers, and for little more than military purposes, gradually found its way into the domestic bosoms of the people,

became a fundamental doctrine of their belief, and has been found as useful in the political, as in their religious creed. — It has assisted in rendering them submissive under the yoke of their rulers, though it is much to be feared that it has greatly retarded that march of knowledge and consequently of freedom, which is now making such advances in the nations of the world. — The author, in giving us a short anecdote illustrative of this state of feeling in Turkey, has not prefaced it with any reflection, but it was doubtless in his thoughts; and he has given us a contrast, in the inhabitants of Pera, — the Frankish part of Constantinople, — of whom we have been furnished with an interesting account, from an intelligent correspondent.

"*Wednesday.* We have had rumors of plague for several days past, and the consternation and anxiety are excessive. It is truly surprising that people who have been from their childhood accustomed to the use of this disease should live in such continual terror. The first question asked is, 'Are there any new accidents today?' for by this polite periphrasis do the ignorant and timid European residents here, designate one of the greatest scourges of humanity. I have noticed, for several years past, that people of all classes walk about the streets with smelling-bottles in their hands, and with rags or bits of cotton thrust into their nostrils. To a new-comer it is laughable to witness the caution with which the Franks pick their way along the streets, carefully avoiding to tread on the least particle of woollen, cotton, or paper, and jumping from side to side to avoid touching even the clothes of the passers-by. As an amusing contrast to this, I see the Turk marching along with an air of the greatest nonchalance, elbowing his way through the crowd as if unacquainted with the existence of such a disease as plague, or rather to show his constitutional fortitude and his utter contempt for the puerile precautions adopted by his timid neighbors. But then, on the other hand, every body knows that Osman is an infidel, and of course not a civilized being, consequently he has not intellect enough to comprehend when he is in danger and when he is safe. With this sapient conclusion, the Franks of Pera, who are far from being the representatives of the collective wisdom of Europe, persist in their childish terrors, and continue their absurd precautions."

We perceive, in these sketches, confirmations innumerable of the character, which travellers give of Turkish probity in their dealings, and of the contrast which exists in that respect between them and the Greeks. — Take the following anecdote, sufficiently illustrative of the good faith the former both exhibit and feel in their ordinary transactions.

"Returning home this evening at a late hour, I observed many persons asleep on mats, in the open air, before their respective shops, which were lit up, and apparently ready to receive customers. This affords a pleasing evidence of the good faith and honesty of the people. I have noticed a similar circumstance in the bazaars and shops of the metropolis. In these places, during the day, if the shopman wishes to step out, or to indulge himself in a nap, he ties a string across the door, or throws a cloth over a few articles near the street, and this signifies that the shop is shut, a hint which is universally understood and respected. If you purchase an article, the seller of course endeavors to obtain the highest price; but the Turkish dealer shows much more conscience than his Jewish or Christian neighbors. When a piece of money is put into his hands to change, he returns the whole amount, and leaves it to the purchaser to deduct the price of the article. When it is recollected that the money of this empire is counterfeited to a great extent, the honesty of this procedure is apparent; he not only confides in your good faith, but exhibits his own in no small degree."

The enemies of freedom have much exulted in the comparison between the Turk and Greek in this respect, and it is a melancholy truth, which all who have pursued the commerce of the Levant will have abundantly discovered, that the Greek dealers are on the whole, a pack of cheating, base, dishonorable miscreants, ever ready to overreach, and unscrupulous of

the means, barefaced in lying, impudent in evasion, crouching under discovery, but uncured by detection. Whereas, the word of the Turk is to be relied upon to the uttermost; fair and honest in their dealings, they seek only a reciprocity of advantages, and are never known to deviate from their line of agreement.—But surely before we condemn the former utterly, it is necessary to take into consideration the miserable and abject state of slavery, in which for so many centuries they have been plunged, and from which they are now but hardly emancipated. The imperious Ottoman, when he ravaged the fair fields of Greece, and took possession of her cities, found within his bosom two reasons for oppressing the conquered. One, springing from the more obvious reason, the right of a barbarous conqueror over a subjugated enemy, — the other, that still more barbarous, and always more cruel reason, the hatred which the victorious professors of one religion, feel towards the fallen adherents of another.

The traces of the gradual degeneracy of Greece, are marked in lines too strong to be overlooked, and no wonder that the series of disgraces and humiliations, which have fallen to her share, should have sunk her in moral as well as in political dignity. Survey her, from the apex of her greatness, from the days of Marathon, Thermophylæ, Platœa, down through those in which she submitted to the Macedonian barbarian, — the beginnings of her slavery,—from thence to that of proud Imperial Rome, accumulating through the descent of ages, refinement, effeminacy, and baseness of feeling. See her passing through the ages, when the enervated and luxurious emperors of the east, the Palæologi, ruled over her people. Licentiousness and arbitrary cruelty marked the footsteps of the declining empire, of which, the provinces had always their full share of the consequences; we may almost imagine the minds of the prostrate Greeks, *prepared* for the last fell blow, which was to demolish their name as a people, and render it only synonymous, like that of the Helotes of old, with slave. — But not forever. — Freedom is a plant of too hardy a nature, to be destroyed, even by the heavy foot of the mailed invader. — True, like the children of Abraham, they have been despoiled of their pleasant land, and degraded both for their faith, and for their nation. — True, they have been compelled to resort to sordid considerations, from their being debarred from those of a more exalted nature, and, because mankind industriously seek a compensation, for every evil they feel. True, they have been brought to the conclusion, that there was no occasion to keep faith with a world, which had seen them brought so low, without offering a helping hand to raise them higher. — Yet the sacred fire of liberty, still smouldered in a Grecian breast, and wanted but a hand of spirit, to kindle it into a flame. The flame has been kindled, the blaze has been seen and felt, to the utmost borders of the oppressor's land, — the Greeks are again a nation; — and although, no doubt, the elements of discord may be found still among her sons, and peace and tranquility may not find a permanent footing for many days, yet, Greece will one day recover an honored name, both for freedom, and for honesty.*

It is highly to the credit of our judicious and intelligent traveller, and much to the advantage of his readers, that he has never lost sight of the main points, which ought to interest a man like him. As a scholar, he has paid close attention to philology, and has entered upon a copious discussion of the Turkish language, its roots, construction, and capabilities. He gives

accounts of the best libraries to be found in Constantinople, and in an appendix to the work, we are presented with a vocabulary of the expressions in most common use. In his capacity as a physician, he has been indefatigable in his endeavors to investigate the nature, symptoms, and progress of such diseases, as are incidental to the country, — particularly the plague, of which so much is said, and so little is known. In the gratification of this last desire, he met with many obstacles, chiefly arising from that absurd tenet, upon which we have just touched. It may be well to give his remarks on this subject in his own words, because in the course of them, he takes opportunity of showing the difference between *use* and *abuse* of liquors containing alcohol. We would by no means, be thought the advocates either of inebriety, or of the habitual use of strong liquors, but we reprobate the absolute exclusion, in cases where reason and experience demonstrate the propriety of using them.

“During my residence in Constantinople, I had but one opportunity of examining, personally, cases of plague, and was then compelled to preserve a religious silence on the subject, or I should have been excluded from all society, and compelled to undergo a long and rigorous quarantine. I had frequently solicited an opportunity of the numerous Frank physicians to witness the disease, but they invariably declared that it was an act of folly on my part, and informed me that when they had reason to suspect one of their own patients, they never repeated the visit. Through the politeness of a Greek physician, I was at length so fortunate as to see two cases. They had been brought into the Greek hospital, and were placed in what are termed probationary wards, until the nature of the disease should have declared itself. These patients were both adults, and presented the ordinary symptoms of inflammatory fever. The skin was hot, pulse quick and full, tongue red, eyes dejected, with violent headache and vomiting. As no swelling or pain was present in the armpit or groin, the physician was in doubt whether it was a case of plague. He contented himself with frictions of oil, and the application of a few leeches, with some acidulated drink. Various circumstances prevented me from watching the course of the disease, until three days after, when I found that the characteristic buboes had appeared, and they had both died within forty-eight hours after my visit. From this and other circumstances, I am disposed to believe, that in these countries occasional cases of plague occur during the whole year, but that a concurrence of circumstances is necessary to render it a devastating epidemic.

“It has been always observed to appear after a dearth of provisions, and hence a meagre diet is considered as one of the chief predisposing causes of this disease. Its attacks are generally confined to the poor, and those who live upon a generous diet are seldom the victims. It has been observed that the Turks suffer most in consequence of their inattention to the ordinary rules of self-preservation, their simple fare, and their abstinence from wine. The Greeks suffer less, but still many are carried off in consequence of their severe fasts. ‘A person,’ observes the author from whom I have already quoted, ‘without launching into excess, should not be too scrupulous an observer of the rules of temperance, and the use of spirits is adopted by many as a sure preservative.’ He adds, that during the plague of Constantinople in 1812, the keepers of wine-shops, although many infected people must have resorted there every day, escaped to a man. In our country the zeal against all liquid stimulants is so great, that no one can venture to recommend them without incurring the public reprobation; and we have known a case where a person actually refused to employ them, although strenuously urged by his physician, and ‘died even as a fool dieth.’”

Cholera, also — the disease, which has astonished, affrighted, and mocked the skill of the world, attracted his attention closely, and when we consider, that, according to popular belief, this disease once introduced among us, will, like the other epidemics, which are too well known to us, be difficult of eradication, although, immediate danger may have passed by; we cannot too attentively study and compare the observations and experiments of men, on whose skill and judgment we can rely. The following is the account,

which our traveller gives of a curious work on Cholera, together with an extract containing the Turkish mode of treatment. It is true, that he has already given the substance of the pamphlet to the New York Historical Society, but as that is not accessible to every reader, we avail ourselves of the lines before us.

"On our way down, by a pathway which was almost choked up with a copious growth of underwood, we suddenly came upon an old Turk, who was occupied in rather an unusual manner. He was sitting in the ordinary posture on the ground, near a rustic marble fountain, and poring over the pages of a book with so much intentness that our presence was unheeded until we were close by his side. The self-possession of a Turk is under no circumstances ever disturbed, and accordingly, after the customary salutation had passed between us, he turned the conversation to the book which had occupied his meditations. He informed us that it was a treatise on cholera, drawn up by the medical board of Constantinople, published by the sultan, and distributed gratuitously throughout the empire. The doctrines of fatalism are generally represented to be carried so far among the Turks that is thought impious to endeavor, by human means, to avert any impending danger. This is probably true in all countries among the illiterate; and where there is much constitutional apathy or Stoicism, as among the Turks, it may possibly be carried to its fullest extent. To counteract this self-abandonment is one of the objects of the treatise, and it is shown that this pernicious belief is in no way connected with or dependant upon their religion."

The above is a statement of the way, in which the book came under his observation; — we give now the extract, which is contained in the appendix to the book, and is really worthy of attention.

"It began in 1813, along the rivers of India, and extending through Persia, entered Europe by Russia. It has been observed to be particularly fatal in low places along the banks of fresh water streams, and at a distance from the sea. On the other hand, where it breaks out on an island or on the sea-shore, it can scarcely be called contagious, and assumes a very mild form. The disease is called by the Arabians *keevah*, or black sickness. Such a quick killing disease was never known before, not even in the books of physicians. It originates from bile, which is burnt blood, and this produces vomiting and diarrhœa.

"*Symptoms.* Without any previous warning, the patient drops as if apoplectic. the extremities soon become cold, and this extends towards the body. There is a sense of weight and pain in the region of the stomach, or on both sides. As soon as this pain sets in, the face and extremities become livid; then follows vomiting of black putrid matter, accompanied by violent and frequent diarrhœa. The patient dies generally in less than three hours. These symptoms vary in course, in different individuals, and do not always observe the same order. It is often a matter of difficulty to obtain blood, and hence it is requisite to give a dose of spirits of nannay, yawgub, oil of peppermint, in a cup of island tea, saliva officinalis, or garden sage.

"*Precautionary Rules.* When a person is attacked, the following things are to be done. Avoid touching him, for this disease is as contagious as plague. Throw all his clothes into water. Put a pot of boiling vinegar into the house, and shut it up for fifteen days. If there are other adjoining small houses, shut them up likewise with a similar previous purification. Before entering a house, wash your face with strong aromatic vinegar. Any powerful perfume about the body is also useful. Endeavor to reside in a lofty, well aired situation. The body should always be kept in a state of gentle perspiration. The feet are particularly to be kept warm, and for this purpose woollen stockings are recommended. The essence of this disease is burnt bile, hence, care must be taken not to excite it by incautious eating or drinking. Those who are the most apprehensive about this disease, will generally escape it, as they are prudent people, and will not neglect the necessary precautions. Avoid taking oil in any shape, as it is very powerful in exciting and burning the bile. Avoid, also, pastry cakes and halvah, a sort of candy composed of oil of butter, resembling our cockininy. According to foreigners, milk and eggs are proscribed, as inviting attacks of this disease.— Among fruits, peaches, melons, cucumbers, mahlingham (egg plants), and cabbage are decidedly injurious: apples are not so. With regard to drinks, lemonade

is the best, or a few drops of vinegar and water: wine, spirits, brandy and opium are equally bad, as they burn the blood and convert it into bile. The best food is rice, soup, fowls, and mutton; pilaf may be eaten, but great attention must be paid to the butter used in it, which should be of the best quality. Before and after meals, a little distilled water, or ten or fifteen drops of Cologne water may be taken in a cup of water or sherbet.

Medical Treatment. As soon as the attack commences, rub the stomach and bowels with a flannel dipped in spirits until it swells and becomes red, and the doctor arrives. Then bleed to the extent of 120 drachms, or more, according to the strength of the patient. If the doctor does not arrive in three hours, the patient is lost, therefore do not wait for his arrival, but bleed. It appears that in this disease the blood retreats to the stomach, making it difficult to obtain blood; hence the necessity above pointed of exciting the surface of the body as quickly as possible, in order to restore the circulation. To aid this, the patient should take stimulating drinks. When the pain is very acute, apply from twenty to thirty leeches to the stomach, or apply a cataplasm made with strong spirits of the adjah elmah yah-guh (bitter apple) to the stomach, or red pepper boiled in oil and rubbed over the seat of pain. Internally the patient may take a few drops of peppermint in a cup of sage tea. When the pain abates, let the patient take some soothing mucilaginous drinks, such as marshmallow tea, *papa deeych*, &c."

The circumstance of such a work as the preceding, being found in common circulation in Turkey, is ample proof, if one were wanted, of the "march of intellect" even there. The barriers are broken down, by which information was precluded entrance into that infatuated land, and truth having entered, what shall stay its progress? Not even the sudden death of Turkey's benefactor, — for such Mahmond assuredly is, — and it argues no small degree of popularity as enjoyed by him, and an improved and enlightened intellect, as regards the people, that works like the above should find current and unmolested acceptance there. We are among those who look upon Mahmoud as a second Peter the Great: — but half emerged from barbarism himself, he nevertheless, has his eyes sufficiently opened to the deficiencies, both of monarch and people. His defeats by the Russians on the one hand, by his insurgent subjects from Egypt on the other, and the loss of Greece besides, have given a death-blow to the incense of flatterers, who so long have puffed up the sons of Othman, with the notions of their power and might. The child of adversity, Mahmoud thinks for himself. He is aware, that himself and his divan, are but *men* in council, liable to be deceived from an imperfect knowledge of things without, and liable to deceive themselves, from the very nature of the heart, within. With these convictions, and we believe the present Grand Seigneur to possess them, his very losses are a gain. To a well constituted mind, it points out the necessity of resources, both for the preservation of his nation's integrity, as a sovereignty, and — which is involved in the first — the formation of a national character, calculated to support the national honor, and keep up in some degree the character for intelligence, that attaches to the continent on which they dwell.

Mahmoud cannot effect much visibly in his own life. But he will have performed a singular service if he enable truth to put forth additional fibres from her roots; — every one of which, we know, gives her additional strength and stability, and render it a more severe task to drag forth and exterminate her. The eyes of a whole world are upon him, and it is most fervently to be hoped, that, in political relations, the surrounding governments of the world will rather aid him in the task to which he has devoted himself, as far as their own political interests will permit, than

suffer his energies to be cramped, by encouraging or conniving at injuries plotted against him, and thus indirectly endeavouring to retard the progress of civilization. We cannot refrain from giving here our author's description at length of this extraordinary man.

"We had not occupied our station more than half an hour, when the military band struck up Sultan Mahmoud's March, which announced his approach. As this was an ordinary occasion, there was little of that pomp and parade which commonly attend his appearance in public. First came some of the upper officers of his household; then four or five led horses richly caparisoned; and last of all, the great man himself. No rude huzza, no boisterous shouts, announced his approach. The men cast their eyes to the ground, the women looked up to him with eyes most dutifully beaming with loyalty, and the general silence was only interrupted by the order to present arms, and the accompanying clang of muskets. — The sultan wore on his head the ordinary red fez of the country, and his person was enveloped in a fawn-colored silk cloak, fastened round his neck by a brilliant diamond clasp. His majesty rides on a European saddle with long stirrups, and has the reputation of being the most fearless rider in his dominions. He was much aided in the great reform which he introduced into his cavalry regiments by an Italian named Calosso, who as a riding-master has introduced the European equipments, and succeeded in abolishing the former awkward and ungainly Turkish mode of managing their horses. Calosso's services have been highly appreciated, and the sultan has given him the rank of bey, and of an officer in his royal household, without asking him to change his religion. This is said to be the first instance of the kind that has occurred. As the sultan approached, those who had petitions to present for redress of grievances held them over their heads, and upon a given signal handed them to an attendant, by whom they were laid before the sultan on his return from the mosque. In these cases, we are informed, speedy justice is obtained; if favorable, the applicant is immediately gratified; if unfavorable, he receives his petition torn in two, and from this there is no appeal. "We took off our hats as the sultan approached, and he did us the honor of examining us with much attention. Agreeably to the homely adage that a cat may look upon a king, we returned the royal stare with equal freedom and minuteness. Sultan Mahmoud is now forty-four years old, and has reigned twenty-four years. A regular but strongly-marked cast of features, large black and piercing eyes, a complexion rendered somewhat pale by its proximity to a long coal-black beard, and a mouth strongly indicative of firmness, formed the *ensemble* of his countenance. We have had the honor of doffing our beaver to most of the crowned heads of Europe, but in all that constitutes a superb-looking man, we give the palm to Sultan Mahmoud. His face indicates indomitable firmness and decision of character, and at the same time displays a mild and amiable disposition. As we gazed upon him we could not avoid recalling his eventful history, and speculating upon his future destiny. Schooled in adversity, and a fellow-prisoner with his royal cousin Selim (from whom, indeed, it is said, he received all his ideas of reform), he seems to form a proper estimate of his exalted station, by using all its influence advantageously for his country. In this he is often thwarted by the venality and rapacity of his subordinates, and by the indolence of his people, but he returns to the charge with renewed ardor, and seems determined to pursue his patriotic course, even at the expense of personal popularity. Temperate, and even abstemious in his mode of living, he may yet reign for twenty years over Turkey, and in that time his wise and temperate measures of reform will be so firmly seated as to bid defiance to another revolution. Every friend of humanity must hope that his life may long be spared for this good work. From his people he has nothing personally to fear. As the successor of the califs, the true descendants of their great lawgiver and prophet he bears about him a charmed life, which sets at defiance the poisoned chalice of the secret enemy, or the pistol of the open foe. In the eyes of every true Mussulman, he is emphatically 'By the grace of God a king.'"

We cannot here enter upon the consideration of our author's remarks on the state of our trade with Turkey, farther than to observe, that he finds the American cotton fabrics in great request among the natives; and that there is room, and, as he thinks, ample opportunity for extending that branch of trade with them. With respect to his comparisons between the

Austrian vessels and those of our own country, we suspect he has arrived too rapidly at his conclusions. Not only the navigation of the Mediterranean, but also of the Black Sea, is beset with difficulties. "A good ship and plenty of sea-room," is an old expression of sufficiency, and we enjoy them both in making our voyages across the Atlantic, as well as those to the East Indies, or to the Pacific. But when we get into the narrow seas, it is another affair. Hidden dangers are numerous, and sudden changes in the wind, gusts, and their concomitant accidents as much so. Hence these inland passages are made with more circumspection. It is true, that as a maritime people, there are none who can surpass us, — even England herself is always glad of an accession from our shores; and Austria, until recently, never had a name among the maritime nations of the earth. But we are among those who hold the opinion, that "make it worth while for a people to accomplish a purpose, and they will not allow it to sleep." The novelty, as well as the advantages, will make Austrian seamen and ship-builders, and we suspect that the detentions in the *ports*, rather than those of the *tactics*, are the causes of the lengthened time they are engaged in each voyage.

The author happened to be present at the ceremonial of delivering the *heir-apparent* over to his tutors, which always takes place when the youth completes the age of nine years. In describing this, he is led to relate somewhat more of the Turkish customs on this head, and concludes with describing a character. As this may tend to enliven our paper, and is also a new specimen of human nature, we shall give the whole passage.

"Our inquiries as to the nature of the future education of the prince Abdool furnished us with meagre information. A conspicuous feature in it, we were given to understand, was to make him thoroughly acquainted with the Turkish language and literature, together with a perfect knowledge of Arabic and Persian. To this will be added a knowledge of the French language. The sultan is said to be the most accomplished oriental scholar in his dominions, and although now over 40 years old, has recently applied himself to the study of the European languages. All the princes of the blood-royal, are by the singular state policy of the Turkish empire, kept strict prisoners within the walls of the seraglio, until their death or elevation to the throne. It would seem scarcely probable or possible that these princes could be competent, from their secluded manner of living, to handle with skill the reins of government; nor can we well conceive how supreme authority can be moderately or judiciously exercised by a person who steps suddenly from a prison to a throne. Such, however, is the practice of the Turkish empire, originally adopted in order to prevent the contentions which might arise between rival princes of the blood-royal. In consequence of this state of regulation, a movement against the sultan is usually followed by the decapitation of his nearest relative; and hence when a revolution takes place, it is not the people who suffer, but the royal line. Although this is directly opposed to the practice of western Europe, and of course is considered barbarous, yet how much blood and treasure would have been spared if such a state of policy had been adopted! We have already seen how near the present royal dynasty was to becoming extinct in the person of the present sultan. To some inquiries touching the succession in case of failure in the present reigning family, we learned to our great astonishment that the nearest heir to the throne, and the validity of whose claim would be acknowledged by the Turks themselves, was an old classmate in Edinburgh.

"Among the odd characters assembled in 1818 and 1819 within the gloomy lecture-rooms of that venerable university, from various quarters of the globe, was a queer fish, familiarly known under the name of Kitty. He sported on his cards 'Sultan Gerry, Krim Gerry and of Caucasus,' and was remarkable for the astounding English in which he clothed his oriental ideas. He was represented to us as having been a Mussulman converted to Christianity, and sent at the expense of

the Emperor of Russia to be initiated into the learning of the West. He was a very inoffensive man, with great simplicity of character, and a much more attentive student than many of us who amused ourselves with his peculiarities. It was considered an excellent joke among the profane to invite honest Kitty to tea under the pretence of discussing literary matters. The conversation would sooner or later diverge to religious subjects, and particularly to the comparative morality of the Christian and Mohammedan beliefs. Some would jestingly espouse the cause of Mohammed, while poor Kitty would work himself into a perfect fever in defending his adopted religion. During this discussion, wine, or rather potent Fairtosh, would be introduced, and Kitty, although by education and habit exceedingly temperate, would partake of the passing cup. As the genial liquid began to exercise its influence, his fervor increased, and a hint that he was as abstemious as a Mussulman would inevitably compel him to toss off another bumper as a pledge of his orthodoxy. The steadfastness of his faith increased as the steadiness of his gait diminished, and when every thing around him looked double, he would the more vehemently defend the doctrines of the Trinity.

"I have since learned that he married a Scotch lassie, much against the wishes of her family, and took her with him to Russia, where he now resides. He is a lineal descendant of the ancient khans of the Crimea, and we were informed by one of the officers of the government here, that in default of male issue in the present royal line, he will certainly be called to the Ottoman throne. His immediate predecessor sold the sovereignty of the Crimea to Russia, and he is now a dependant upon its bounty. That government, with their usual long-sighted policy, doubtless reserve him or some of his descendants in order to make a claim upon the Turkish throne, and fill it with one of their own vassals. This, however, unless some unusual calamity should befall the present royal dynasty, is scarcely a probable event; for to judge by the loyal demonstrations of joy exhibited around us this day, a stranger would infer that the great bulk of the people are strongly attached to the reigning family.

"The frequent salvoes of artillery, the acclamations which rent the air in responses to the prayer of the grand mufti, delivered at the foot of the throne, the gay assemblage of costumes of every form and hue, and the heartfelt joy which seemed to beam on every countenance, formed a cheerful and animated picture. Here were groups of women seated on the ground, eating, laughing, and delighted with the scenes around them; while in another place, were squads of noisy boys, bent on making the most of this privileged day, while their grave-looking tutors seemed almost as gay and light-hearted as their riotous charges. Here we passed long files of gaily-painted and carved arabahs, drawn by oxen, and filled with women of all ages and colours; and then, again, we would almost stumble over some Mussulman prostrate at his devotions, and regardless of the noise and din around him.

"The ceremonial which accompanied the transfer of the young prince into the hands of his instructors was simple, and not devoid of dignity. The sultan was seated on his throne, under a splendid pavilion, which far exceeded our ideas of oriental magnificence. The grand mufti, the chief ulemahs, and the professors of the seraglio stood on the right of the throne. On the left were arrayed all the great dignitaries of the empire; and in front were placed the general officers of the army and navy. The young prince was introduced, who, after embracing respectfully the feet of his father, took his seat on a cushion placed between the grand mufti and the sultan. After a short pause, a chapter from the Koran was read, and the grand mufti then pronounced a prayer suitable to the occasion. At every pause the children took up the responses of—*Amen!* which were shouted through the camp, and borne back in echo from the neighbouring hills. When the prayer was concluded, the prince arose, again embraced his father's feet; and after asking permission, gracefully made an obeisance to the assembly, and withdrew.

"Thus terminated the public ceremonial, which was accompanied by a distribution of food to the troops, and to the children of the different schools. Fifteen criminals under sentence of death were also publicly pardoned, in honour of the day. Among the many changes which have taken place in this country of late years, one ancient custom was still preserved, although it savours strongly of its barbaric origin. We allude to the distribution of food by the sultan to his principal officers of state, and which is performed with much pomp and ceremony. A long train of splendidly attired servants bore on their heads massy silver trays, loaded with every variety of food. The viands were covered with cloths of gold and silver tissue, and the procession moved solemnly to the various pavilions, to the music of a full military band.

"The seraskier happened to espy our party on the field, and had the kindness, after the ceremony was concluded, and the sultan had retired, to send an officer to invite

us within the sacred precincts of the throne. This was the more gratifying, as it was a favour granted to no one else on the field. We were thus permitted to examine minutely this specimen of oriental taste and magnificence. The royal pavilion covered a clear area 120 feet long by 40 broad, although the space actually overshadowed by this huge canopy was more considerable. The canopy was supported by 14 gilded columns 40 feet high, and the whole interior was carpeted with the richest and rarest productions of the Persian and Turkish looms. The material composing the pavilion itself was crimson, yellow, and blue damask, tastefully intermixed, and richly worked with gold and silver tissue, while the gracefully arranged festoons of drapery were fringed with massy gold. The throne itself, elevated about five feet from the ground, was constructed of rosewood, lignumvitæ, and mahogany, splendidly polished, and inlaid with ivory and gold. On the back of the royal seat glittered a large sun, composed entirely of solid gold, weighing, as we were informed, twenty-two and a half pounds. A silken screen or barrier, about four feet high, completely enclosed the pavilion, at the distance of 100 feet, in order to restrain plebeian curiosity. But we feel it impossible to convey by mere words an adequate idea of this royal pavilion, and we were unwilling to excite observation by making a sketch of it on the spot. We had now been gratified with a view of the sultan in all his glory, of his heir, and of the throne itself. The only remaining appanage of royalty was the sultana, or empress-queen; and here also we were gratified, as she drove past us on the field in an English coach and six. It is, however, a matter of acknowledged difficulty to convey at any time an accurate notion of a lady's face; and in this case the difficulty was increased by the envious veil, which only permitted us to see her darkly-beautiful eyes, and the tip of her royal nose.* The festivities of the day terminated by rope-dancing and other amusements, and in the evening by an exhibition of fireworks. The festival lasts three days, and during all this time, the men, women, and children remain on the field. To judge by the number of women, of all ranks, here, and on other public occasions, one is at a loss to account for the errors into which travellers have fallen, with respect to the rigid and jealous seclusion in which the Turks are supposed to keep their females. That this is not the case at the present day, we feel amply prepared to prove; but, in compliance to the fair subject, we shall reserve our remarks for a separate chapter."

We have extracted largely from this much esteemed traveller, and yet we have left nearly half of his matter untouched upon. The remainder we have found of yet greater interest than that which is now presented; but it would be worse than cruel to tear it piece-meal from its context. It is rarely that we find so great an union of talent, research, industry, and variety comprised in one man's character, and upon so limited a field as we have exhibited by means of the book before us. It has long been observed, that the best travellers, as regards subjects of enquiry, are those of the medical profession; and that consideration would have enabled us to trace the lines of the enlightened and learned physician, even if we had not been informed through other means, that we were enjoying the tacit conversation of Dr. De Kay.

* A few days subsequent to this, we were informed, upon what we considered good authority, that there is no such being in the Ottoman empire as a sultana, or empress, unless it be the mother of the reigning sultan. Our admiration and gaping wonder were therefore misplaced. The lady in question was, in all probability, the mother of the heir to the throne; but has no rank nor title until her son assumes the royal sceptre. She then becomes the validay sultana, or empress-mother, and always addresses her son by the endearing epithets of "My son," or, "My tiger." Such, at least, are the titles prescribed by usage, and are equivalent to the "Well-beloved cousin" adopted among the royal race of Europe.

THE DEATH OF POCAHONTAS.

Then farewell, thou earth !
 And loveliest spot of earth ! farewell Ionia !
 Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
 Aloof from desolation ! my last prayer
 Was for thee, my last thoughts, save *one*, were of thee !

Sardanapalus, Act. V.

ONE struggling sunbeam found its way alone, through the dim panes and heavy transomes, into a small and dusky chamber, where lay one whose vital spark was fluttering in its earthly tenement, about to be extinguished forever. Within that narrow apartment all was as silent, as though it were the grave of her, who was soon to be borne from thence to the last home of poor mortality. The floor was strewn with fresh green rushes, which, in that rude age, supplied the want of carpets, even in the mansions of the great, a faded curtain, once of gorgeous hues and rich material, shadowed the lowly couch, on which the attenuated form slumbered, as it would seem, in that feverish and uneasy sleep, which so often precedes the near approach of death, and a half expiring fire of wood was smouldering on the hearth, although the month of June was far advanced in its maturity, so needful was the aid of artificial warmth, to banish the unwholesome damps contracted from the river. A wide reach of the Thames, glancing like silver to the evening sun, was visible from the windows, with the raking masts and long yard-arms of a caravel, that lay at anchor in the stream, tossing against the bright blue sky, as the short tides succeeded one another in quick rotation. Ever and anon the cheerful voices of the crew rose high on the light air, and, at every recurrence of the sound, a shade of deep anxiety flitted across the brow of a young and noble-looking man, who watched beside the couch of that lovely invalid, with all of woman's care, and more than woman's love. His unchanged curls of light brown hair, and his full blue eyes, were singularly contrasted by the deep tint which had completely overspread his brow and hands, and his dress partook of the style common to the camps or courts of the period, as well as of the ruder habiliments of a settler in the wilderness. Several large chests of foreign wood banded and clasped with metal, arms of unusual materials and strange construction were piled in the nooks of the chamber, or suspended on the walls ; the bow, the hatchet, and the war-club of the Indian, hung beside the musquetoon and rapier, while baskets, moccasins, and girdles, decorated with simple skill by the natives of another hemisphere, were scattered among the highly-prized adornments of European luxury. From time to time the limbs of the sleeper were slightly agitated, a light shudder, a convulsive groan, and now a few half uttered syllables, showed that she was on the point of awakening from what might have been too surely deemed her last repose on this side immortality. The anxious husband hung over her in that uncertain state of mingled hopes and fears, which lingers yet in the bosom of affection, even when the reason is convinced that hope is now but self-delusion ; she had again relapsed into tranquillity when a brighter ray flashed

through the drapery as it yielded to his trembling hand, and fell upon her feverish eye-lids. "John" she whispered in musical but foreign accents,— "Dear John, is it you?" a fervent pressure of her delicate hand, was all the answer that the wretched husband could return, to the endearments of his dying wife, at length he faltered forth an inquiry, the fruitfulness of which, his sickening spirit perceived too well; he spoke of happier days to come, of the influence, which might be exercised upon her spirits and her health, by the free atmosphere of her native land, to which he trusted they should be restored in safety before a second moon should wane. "Never," she replied in soothing yet sorrowful tones, "never shall I again behold the shores of my own lovely land, even now, the spirit is fluttering within my breast, ere it shall wing its flight to the land of souls. Raise me up, John, raise me, that I may look once more upon the bright sun, who is journeying at this very moment, towards the country of my fathers!" Silently he performed her bidding, and as he drew the curtain, to permit her eyes to look abroad for the last time upon the beautiful face of nature, the sunlight fell upon the tawny features of an Indian. Dark, however, as were those features there was a world of thought in the smooth high forehead, unshadowed by a single tress of the raven locks, that were simply braided around her classic head. Eyes still swimming in unutterable tenderness, although the mists of death were gathering fast around them, a mouth, which might have rivalled in its voluptuous curve, the smile of her of Medicis, and a form, which though wasted from the fullness of its exquisite proportions by protracted illness, yet bore the traces of surpassing loveliness, would have rendered her, before the evil days had come upon her, a dangerous rival for the proudest beauty of European climes. Long and wistfully she gazed upon the declining luminary, while her husband, undaunted as he had proved himself in scenes of the most terrific danger, completely overpowered by the sense of his approaching misery, bowed his head upon her hands, and wept aloud. It seemed, however, as if there were some spell connected with the sinking of the day god, which had rivetted her imagination on the skies, for, devotedly as she loved the palefaced youth to whom she had plighted her troth in the far forests of the west, she had neither eyes nor ears for his sufferings, till the last verge of that disk had disappeared behind the hills of Kent. "He is gone"—she whispered after a painful pause,— "gone to bless the land of my birth with his presence, to look down upon the lodges of my people, and upon the bones of my Fathers! He is gone, and when he shall again shine upon the white dwellings of my husband, Pocahontas will be in the land of Spirits. But shame to thee, John," she continued, "is it thus that a warrior, such as thou art, should look on that which he can neither overcome by force, nor escape by cunning. Thou hast often told me how He, who hath been my God for that he was thine, died that all should live forever. Thou hast told me that the pure of heart, and the humble minded, whatever may be the color of their skin, shall be united beyond the tomb, in happiness that shall have no end, and love that shall know no separation.

All this hast thou told me, dearest, and all this have I believed!—Can it be, that thou hast told me that which thou believest not thyself,— that thou hast taught the Indian girl to forsake the Great Spirit of her fathers

for a God whom thou dost not thyself adore? — Or, can it be that thou hast not the strength to bow thyself in that submission, which thou dost preach to others. Oh! my husband, my husband, if thou dost believe indeed that we shall meet again, wherefore is thine heart heavy, and wherefore are thine eyes full with the tears of the girls." While she was yet speaking, the door was slowly opened, and a tall and stately figure silently stole into the chamber of death. His bearing was that of a man to whom warfare had been a sport; his swarthy brow, scarred by the sabres of the Moslem, and bearing yet more recent traces graven by the ruder implements of savage warfare, was shaded with hair so blanchèd by years of toil, that its original color could be no longer distinguished, yet there was no symptom of decay in his erect carriage and his sinewy limbs. The general expression of his features might have been stern and even harsh, but now their severity was absorbed in a deep though tempered melancholy. It was Smith, the sword and buckler of Virginia, — Smith, the founder and the sole support of English dominion in America. It was Smith, who thus, contrary, as it seemed, to the ordinary course of human events, looked down in bitter but self-restrained sorrow upon the premature decease of the loveliest daughter of the wilderness. When his mind recurred to the free and sportive being, who, just bursting into womanhood, had cast herself down beside him on the block; who at the hazard of her own life, — a life which sorrow had never then embittered, — had preserved him from a cruel and protracted death; — when he remembered her unchanged affection, manifested by a thousand benefits, proved in adversity, and strengthened by affliction; — when he thought, that perhaps, but for himself, who had projected her alliance with the young and gallant Rolfe, this amiable being, now fading before his eyes in uncomplaining agony, might yet have been carolling free and happy, as when he had first beheld her, in her unconquered wilderness; — his high heart sunk within him, and for a moment he almost felt himself to be the murderer of her, who had so nobly, so devotedly rescued him, the natural foeman of her race, from the very fate to which his policy had doomed, as it would seem, his sweet preserver. But again, when he listened to the pure and lofty morality, which in this dark hour flowed in untutored eloquence from her lips; — when he heard the beautiful consolations, by which she strove to wean the thoughts of her lord from the hopeless present, to the blessed future; — when he heard her proclaiming her own steadfast trust upon the Rock of Ages, better and happier reflections occupied his mind! He thought upon the soul, which, by his humble instrumentality, had been brought from Pagan ignorance into the radiance and glory of that religion, which alone preserveth unto everlasting life; and there was an illumination as it were of joy upon his passionless features, as he drew near the death-bed of one whom he loved, even as a father loves his only-begotten child. "Well hast thou spoken, my daughter," said the old man; "well and beautifully hast thou spoken! — and even as thou believest, so shall it be to thee!" — "Father," she replied — "Father, I am going — and I believe, I feel, that you have taught me truly. Father, for the life I gave to thee in that dear land, which I must never more behold, cherish, and love, and be a father to this my husband as thou hast been to me. My little son, too, teach him to love and honor that great Being, who has dried up all my tears, and

given me power to part from those, for whom alone I have lived, without despair, — so shall we all once more be joined together never again to part. Husband, thou wilt not forget the Indian girl, who left her home, her father, and her god, to follow in the steps of a stranger; — simple and artless have I been, unskilled in the graces of the palefaced dames; but thou art my witness, husband, that I have never loved but thee! — Rememberest thou that green valley by the waters of my native stream, — rememberest thou the cool shadow of the pine, beneath whose canopy I first beheld my lord? — and wilt thou not bear my bones to that valley, — wilt thou not sometimes lead thine Indian boy to the grassy tomb of his mother; and oh! above all, wilt thou not love him for my sake, dearest; and if he offend at any time, bethink thee that his mother offended NEVER? — If the hapless ignorant Indian should bend the bow, or raise the hatchet against thee, remember that he was the countryman, the kinsman of her whom thou lovedst once, whom thou wilt love always — wilt thou not, husband! — Mine eyes grow dim, and my breath fails me — give me thine hand — thou art going from me — husband! — my country — dearest — thou wilt not forget my country!"

THE EXILE.

CHAP. XI.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Merchant of Venice — Act I. Sc. 3.

AT an early hour in the morning, before the luxurious sons of affluence had aroused them from their first slumbers, Harlande and his venerable friend were loitering over the remnants of their moderate meal, — the young man struggling with ill-concealed emotion to dissemble his anxiety, which yet momentarily appeared to encrease as the appointed time drew nigh; — the old man striving by fruitless though well intended conversation to divert his thoughts from the all engrossing topic which engaged them. So painfully was the extreme solicitude of Lindley manifested in his abstracted silence, and his nervous starts at every sound which approached his door, that Warburton began almost to apprehend that he would be prevented from availing himself of any opportunity that might offer from his mysterious visitant. Little, however, did he know the peculiarities of Harlande's disposition; for it was, but while danger was remote, that his mind was shaken from its self-possession; — at the very instant, in which the anticipated peril assumed a palpable form, he was ready to meet it in every different bearing, with the calmness and confidence of the most perfect equanimity; and, in fact, it often seemed as though the very suddenness of the call

upon his faculties strung his nerves more firmly, and called forth brighter symptoms of an ever present courage.

Never was this strange faculty more clearly proved than in the present instance; fifty times in the course of the last hour, had he consulted the dial of his watch, and as often had he returned it to his pocket, with an expression of disappointed eagerness, — till at last he sprung from his chair, and paced the room with long unequal strides, regardless alike of the advice and the entreaties of his friend. At length a short sharp pull at the bell rang suddenly, a heavy step entered the passage, and a voice was heard inquiring whether Mr. Harlande was within, which he instantly recognized as that of his last night's acquaintance. Casting himself carelessly into his seat, his brow became as smooth and his manner as unrestrained, as though he were about to welcome a familiar friend, while Warburton looked on, in quiet wonder at the change wrought in so short a space upon the bearing of the youth. The stranger entered; his appearance was exactly similar to that, which he had borne on the preceding day; save that, in the full glare of daylight, the sinister expression of his rather handsome features was more conspicuous, than when seen beneath the gathering gloom of Twilight. The expression was one of selfish knavery, mixed with a slight touch of sneering humor, nor could his full dark eye, and the chiselled curve of his aquiline nose, which betrayed his descent from that people, who were once "the chosen of the Lord," efface an unpleasant impression from the minds of those, who for the first time beheld him. As he entered the room, "You see, Mr. Harlande," he said, "I am a man of my word! the clock has not struck the hour, and here I am according to your appointment." —

"To your own appointment rather, Sir—" Lindley had commenced in answer, when he was interrupted by a vehement exclamation from the other, whose eye had just fallen on the unexpected form of Warburton! — "Oh! you are engaged — I see — Then I am off By G —. I never trouble myself to talk, with a gentleman by the fireside in a brown study, ready to swear to every trivial word one may let slip! — I wish you a good morning Sir, it was rather for your own advantage, than for mine, that I would have spoken with you — but it is all very well as it is! Good morning, Sir, I never intrude myself upon the privacy of gentlemen."

"I beg, Sir," — said Warburton, rising promptly, — "that I may be no impediment to your business. I leave you, Harlande, and will call again in the course of the morning, our conversation can well bear a little interruption," and before the words had fairly passed his lips, he was already without the door. A keen smile flashed across the stranger's features, and he nodded to himself as the old man withdrew. "Not quite such a *flat* as you seem to take me for, young Sir," — he said, "I congratulate you upon your newly acquired prudence! *newly acquired* — I say, Sir, for I think at our last meeting — in Bond-Court, Mr. Harlande, — a little of that quality might not have been ill bestowed." As he spoke the cloud was dispersed from Lindley's recollection, as if by magic. The man that stood before him had been the friend and witness of the Jew who had advanced the fatal sum, which had banished him for ever from his home. At first a vague idea of peril crossed his mind! Could it be possible that this jackall should have been sent to trace him over the broad

waters of the Atlantic, with a view to point their victim to the subtler harpies of the law? With a complacent eye the stranger watched his varying features, and by his first words, it seemed as though he had in some degree fathomed the ideas of the youth. "You need not be uneasy, Sir," he continued; "I have not the power, even if I had the will, to injure you here; nor indeed have I any interest in that little affair. It *was* a hard case that of yours, a d — d hard case; but the law, Sir, the law was against you." — "Really, Mr. Flock," replied Harlande, with a slight asperity in his manner, "if you have no further information to convey to me than this, you must permit me to say, that I consider your presence as unpleasant, as your visit is superfluous!"

"Superfluous," returned the other, perfectly unmoved by Lindley's *hauteur*, — "hum! superfluous! — not exactly so neither, I believe; and I think you will admit the same, if you will lend me your attention for a few minutes. You have done me an inestimable service," — he pursued, when he had assured himself that his words would meet attention, "a service which has made no small impression on me. You saved my life, as I told you last night, and the life of the only being I care much about in the world beside — my only daughter! — It is in my power, I apprehend, to confer on you no slight benefit in return. Fortune has given me possession of that bond to which I witnessed your signature some months ago, — it is useless to me — it would be in the highest degree serviceable to you, and it is now my purpose to prove my gratitude."

"By returning it to me, I suppose," answered Lindley, with a sneer of incredulity; "as a token of your unsought, *unbought*, regard."

"*Not exactly so neither, sir*, I say again," replied the Jew; "my gratitude is very extensive, but not quite so unbounded in its scope as that amounts to. But we may yet come to an understanding. Please you inspect the instrument, and see if it be the same, which has obliged you to change London for New York; — the ball-room and the Court of St. James for an attorney's office, and the Court of Common Pleas." He unrolled a parchment as he spoke, and though he carefully avoided to entrust it to the hands of Lindley, he yet gave him full opportunity to scrutinize its contents. A short survey sufficed, several well-remembered erasures, and a minute blot, no less than the genuine signatures attached, convinced him of the authenticity of the document.

"Well, sir, it is mine now; and it shall be yours in five minutes, in exchange for a thousand dollar bill. I know devilish well, that, although it be not worth a farthing to me, it is worth ten times that sum at least to you! Is it a bargain?"

"Firstly," replied Harlande, "How came you by the document; and do you possess the right to make it over to me?"

"Irrelevant, Mr. Lindley, utterly irrelevant," — shortly returned the other; "You are lawyer enough to know, that this scrap of sheepskin is the only hold on you, or on your property; — and, so that you see it burnt in that fire, what the devil signifies it, how I obtained it? If I possess the right to sell — good — *you* run no risk! If I have stolen it, as I see you suspect, — and I doubt its being worth the trouble to convince you of the contrary — good again! — I shall not betray my own secret, nor could it affect *you* if I should do so. The moment when that parchment shall be

consigned to the flames, you know as well as I, that you will be as free as air. Well, sir, do you accede to my proposition, and will you return to England, and an easy fortune; or will you remain in America to be a lawyer's drudge, and all to save a paltry thousand dollars?"

It did not require many moments for the intelligent mind and quick perception of Lindley to discover the key to his visitor's mystery. He was evidently a rogue, — his professions of gratitude mere *verbiage*, — his bluntness an affectation of honesty without the essence, — and his only object *gain*! Still, as he had said, the document was genuine; and although valueless in truth to him, might be, nay was, of infinite utility to Harlande. His part was settled in an instant. "I have," he answered so calmly, that the other at a glance perceived that he was in earnest, — "Five hundred dollars by accident in that desk. That sum I *will* give you for the instant surrender of that infamous instrument." How you have obtained it, I know not, and I care not; I am bound by no moral obligation, nor do I hesitate to cancel such a debt by any means! — More than this I *will not* give — and, mark me, not even this sum, after an hour shall have elapsed! Now leave me! Go, and think of what I have said; and, if your consent agrees with my determination, return in an hour, and claim your price!"

"It is unnecessary, sir; I take your offer. Though, d — n me, but it is worth full twenty times the sum!" — With an eager hand he grasped the proffered wages of his iniquity, told out the notes with the most scrupulous accuracy, — surrendered the highly-valued parchment, — pulled his hat doggedly over his brows, turned on his heel, slammed the door rudely after him, and from that moment Lindley never saw him more! The deed shrivelled, and crackled on the bright wood fire; and as his signature was erased by the devouring element, the sorrows of the wanderer ended, and the Exile once again was FREE.

W.

SONG.

Oh! her glance is the brightest that ever has shone,
And the lustre of love's on her cheek:
But all the bewildering enchantment is gone,
The moment you hear her speak.

In the heart-winning smile that illumines her face,
Fair Wisdom's fit shrine you may see,
And grieve, while you gaze on that temple of grace,
That FOLLY the priestess should be.

F.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—Corner of Broadway and Chamber street. — Since our former visit to this collection, we are glad to find that the pictures have been arranged, and that catalogues have been printed, for the convenience of the visitors. This is as it should be, as the interest in the paintings must be greatly increased by a knowledge of the subjects, independent of our consideration of the merits of the execution. We shall briefly run over the principal pictures that were not touched upon in our last, and hope that what we have to observe concerning them may lead to a more intimate knowledge of them by our fellow citizens, than has yet been attained.

No. 1. *Still Life*.—Master unknown. — Consists of musical instruments, fruit, flowers, and a parroquet. The picture is very mellow, well colored, natural, and masterly. Size about 5 feet by 3 ft. 6 inc.

2. *Boar's Head and Game*.—Master unknown.—figures good, but not in sufficient relief. Size about 2 ft. 6 inc. by 2 feet.

3. *Poultry Yard*.—By Hondekeoter. — This masterly production has been copied over and over, a plain proof of the estimation in which the original is held. — We cannot assert that this is positively the original, but if not, it is an excellent copy. Size about 4 ft. 6 by 3 ft. 4.

4. *Dead Game*.—By Weenix.—The drawing and coloring of this piece is in the best style of this admirable artist: — the only objection we have to the picture is, that the figures, being minute, are so overshadowed by foliage, that they do not stand out clear. Size about 2 ft. 6 by 1 ft. 10.

5. *Fruit and Flowers*.—By M. Angelo de Campidoglio.—A good piece, on the whole. The China bowl, in particular, is exquisite; but the cherries rolling out of it are, at a little distance, rather like strawberries, than what they are intended for. Size about 3 ft. by 2 ft. 6.

6. *Youthful Bacchus*.—By Albans.—This little picture is a perfect gem. It is exquisitely finished, moulded and smoothed with as much care as that of a Carlo Dolci. There is an elasticity apparent in

the flesh of the figure, that starts it into life. Size about 14 inc. by 8 inc.

7. *A Portrait*.—By Gerard Douw.—No doubt an original and a very spirited and chaste specimen of that admired master. Size about 2 ft. by 1 ft. 6.

8. *St. Nicholas*.—By Pomarancio.—We have noticed this before, but without the name, which is, however, one with which we are not familiar. The painting is a very fine one.

9. *Time overcoming Love*.—By Spagnoletto. We think this picture to be of unusual merit. The effects produced by the painter in portraying the shrivelled skin of sunken age, in the figure of time, are excellent; but the anatomy of both the figures is but indifferent. The filling in is very fine, and there are evident traces of the master's hand in the piece. Size about 2 ft. by 2 ft.

10 and 11. *Views in Rome*.—By Van Lint, called Studio.—A pair of good pictures. The brightness of the sky, the clearness of the atmosphere, and of the subject, yet without glare, and the limpid water, are all well expressed. They are valuable companions. Size about 18 inc. by 14 inc. each.

12. *Wild Boar Hunt*.—By Snyders.—We come now to a most splendid gallery picture, by the prince of animal painting; for who ever excelled Snyders in this department of art? The dogs are in every position of action or suffering, of attack or defence, and both they and the boar are in the most exquisite spirit and powerful energy. We could stand for hours and contemplate the beautiful specimen, and still find new features to admire in it. Size about 10 ft. by 6 ft.

13. *Landscape and Sheep*.—By Ome-ganck.—This is a delightful little piece. The foreshortening of the sheep, the soft, fleecy, and plump effect produced in the strong relief against the clear sky, is quite equal to *Cuyp*, and renders the picture a valuable *morceau*. Size about 10 inc. by 10 inc.

14. *Vases after the Antique*.—From Wedgewood's manufactory in Staffordshire. Very fine specimens, as are also.—

15. *Tablets after the Antique*.—From do

16. *Courtship*.—By Oilade.—This picture is of the genuine Flemish school, and is a good piece of quiet humor. The sly countenance of the lover, and the sheepish aspect of the damsel, are in good keeping. Size about 2 ft. 6 by 2 ft.

17. *Sea Port*.—By Claude Lorraine. We doubt this much. The perspective is very correct, and the accessories are well thrown in; but we cannot recognize the glow of Claude, which is ever discoverable in his acknowledged works. Size about 10 inc. diameter.

18. *Gambling*.—Master unknown.—This is a candle-light scene. The canvass is crowded and indistinct.—Size about 2 ft. 6 by 1 ft. 9.

19. *Christ Bound*.—Described before.

20. *Trick-track Players*.—By Brouwer.—Another genuine specimen of the Flemish school,—the canvass well filled, and the group very interesting. Size about 2 ft. 3 by 1 ft. 7.

21. *Landscape*.—By Salvator Rosa.—Doubtful, though a very good little picture. The coloring is the same as that of Salvator, and the wildness is after his character, but the picture is too new and fresh for his. Size about 2 ft. 6 by 1 ft. 9.

22 and 23. *Battle Pieces*, fought by Prince Eugene. By Huttenburg.—A very beautiful pair, the canvass well filled, and the landscape very fine; they are finished with great care, and the grouping is in exquisite taste. Size about 2 ft. 9 by 2 ft. each.

24. *Nativity*.—By Guido Reni. Noticed before.

25. *View on the Rhine*.—By Sachtleven.—A bird's eye view, the cottage in the valley, half hid in the dark foreground, and the figures in relief on the left, are well conceived. Size about 1 ft. 6 by 1 foot.

26. *Interior of a Kitchen*.—Described before.

27. *Beatific Vision*.—By Mola.—A good picture, but nothing very striking, except the rapture in the monk's countenance. Size about 2 ft. 6 by 2 feet.

28. *Old Woman Sewing*.—By Maas. Great repose, the satisfied and tranquil expression of countenance of this figure, is well expressed. Size about 12 inches by 9.

29. *Portrait*.—By Mieris.—Noticed before.

30. *Marine Piece*.—By Backhuysen. This is equal to any thing by Vandeveldt. The leaden sky, the storm just beginning to ruffle the surface of the waves, which are reflecting the hue of the heavens; the vessel laying over to the breeze, are all in the very first style of art. Size about 2 ft. by 1 ft. 9.

31. *A Philosopher*.—By Quinten Matsys.—This artist, was the celebrated

"Blacksmith of Antwerp," and the present work is hardly inferior to his two misers. The attitude and the scull remind us of the learned atheist, converted by the contemplation of the human anatomy. Size about 2 ft. 6 by 2 feet.

32. *St. Jerome*.—By Rothenamer.—Good, but nothing remarkable.

33. *Drawing the Net*.—By Polemburg.—The scenery green, and very fairly delineated: but the appearance of muscular power is the main scope of the artist, in which he has succeeded to admiration. Size about 12 inc. by 3.

34. *Crucifixion*.—Supposed to be by Carlo Dolci. It is exquisitely touched, but a most paltry conception. Size about 2 ft. by 1 ft. 3.

35. *Repose of the Holy Family*.—By Bull and Caracci.—A fine specimen, in small, of these two great artists. Size about 10 inc. by 8 inc.

36. *Magdalen*.—Master unknown.—A good picture, somewhat in the manner of Rembrandt.

37 and 38.—*Isabella and Columbus*, and Mutius Scaevola.—Already noticed.

39. *Duke de Moncada*.—By Vandermeulen.—A well finished picture, in high relief, but ill-placed in the gallery. Size about 2 ft. 7 by 1 ft. 6.

40. *Landscape*.—By Both.—Very ill placed, but apparently a very good picture. Size about 10 inc. by 8 inc.

41. *Crucifixion*.—By Tintoretto.—Bad drawing, but well filled in. Size about 3 ft. by 2 ft. 3.

42. *Old Woman's Head*.—By Denner.—Tolerable.

43. *Landscape*.—By Reubens.—Very doubtful, and but a poor picture.

44. *Last Supper*.—by Guido Reni.—Described before.

45. *Nativity*.—By Rubens.—This is a copy of a picture well known to amateurs. Size about 4 ft. by 2 ft.

46. *Horses*.—By Cuyp.—This closes the list, and it is a worthy close. The foreshortening of Cuyp has always been famous, and the present picture is one of his best.

We have not room to proceed with the Academy of Fine Arts this month, but finish the notice of that gallery in our next.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BETROTHED, TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ALESSANDRO MANZONI. It is not long since we had occasion to notice the enterprise and success of Mr. Dearborn, as the publisher of many beautiful and valuable editions of scarce and interesting works, more particularly of the Library of Standard Literature. We have lately

understood, that the public will owe, ere long, a new and heavier debt of gratitude to the same indefatigable caterer for their amusement, who is on the point of sending forth a translation of the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni, an author whose fame as a novelist and a tragedian, is at its zenith in the European Continent, although, comparatively speaking, his beauties are imperfectly known on our side the Atlantic. We consider therefore that Mr. Dearborn, is conferring a real benefit on the literature of his country, in thus producing to public notice the beauties of a language, which is not nearly so much cultivated as it deserves, either for its natural beauties as a tongue of unexampled sweetness, or for the many treasures which are stored by its poets, politicians, and historians in abundance, unequalled save by the classic languages. With the merits of Manzoni as a Tragedian, we have nothing here to do, though he is undoubtedly, in that branch, the rival if not the superior of any living dramatist. As a novelist, Manzoni has performed that for Italy, which Scott has done for the "Land of Cakes." He has drawn, with a pencil dipt in the never fading lines of truth, the Italian character in all its various aspects; its gloomy shadows and eccentric lights live in his portraiture, and, as we remarked, in an article in our last number, the *Bravi*, the *Prepotenti*, the *Contadine* of Manzoni, are as clear and perfect in their identity as the wild Highlander, or the stern Puritan, of his Scottish prototype. It is our unhesitating purpose to devote a paper to the consideration of this promised treasure as soon as it shall appear, when we doubt not that it will be in our power to prove to the satisfaction of all who are unacquainted with the original, that the Italians of Manzoni, are living beings and not statues, and that the truth of his design is no less worthy of admiration, than the brilliancy of his coloring, the spirit of his composition, and the keeping of the entire piece. In conclusion, we cannot but express our opinion of the amount of gratitude due from the reading world of America to Mr. Dearborn, who frequently as he comes before their eyes, never comes forward but with an offering of real value; none of the trashy novels which possess no merit, but the applause which has been lavished on them by the fulsome flattery of English journals; none of the flippant tours, or foolish memoirs of the day emanate from his press; none in short, but works of real and sterling worth, — books, which whether they be suited to the closet of the sage, or the easy-chair of the idler, are invariably adorned with talent, selected with taste, and got up with elegance and liberality.

MEMOIRS OF BARON CUVIER.—By Mrs. A. Lee, (formerly Mrs. T. Ed. Bowdich),

12mo. (pp. 197). New York. Harpers, 1833. This elegant piece of biography, the offspring of gratitude as much as of admiration, may at first be considered as liable to many exceptions. We are all apt to magnify the virtues, to blazon the talents, and to extenuate the foibles in the characters of those, to whom we feel warm sentiments of obligation, and towards whom we have been in the habit of looking up as the lights of science, and of all that adorns the human character. The eyes of the sincere admirer are generally rendered dim to defects, and more than usually sharp-sighted to the bright side of the esteemed object. On the present occasion, however, there is nothing of the kind to fear. The whole literary and scientific world are aware generally of the extensive learning, the unremitting labor, and the estimable character of the illustrious man, who forms the subject of this work; and his biographer's name is a warrant that the performance is in the spirit of candour, and with the consciousness of the responsibility incurred through the ranks of literature, in giving the biography to the world.

Mrs. Bowdich and her husband had been kindly received in the family of Cuvier, and a close intimacy consequently ensued. When pressed after his death to undertake this biography, the friends of the deceased willingly gave her every assistance in their power towards the due accomplishment of her task; and there is every reason to believe, that although she might feel disposed to put the best feature on every transaction she relates, yet she has been too long conversant with the world of letters, and has herself too much of literary reputation to hazard, to venture upon a mere eulogium unfounded in fact or in reason. It is impossible within the bounds of the present small volume, that ample justice can be done to the life of such a man as Cuvier; but, in the way in which she has performed her brief task, she has contrived to elicit more of valuable information than perhaps could have been effected by any other plan.

The work is divided into four parts, "the first will give the data of all the important circumstances of the Baron Cuvier's life, in their respective order; — the second will contain an account of his various works as a savant and philosopher; — the third will be devoted to his legislative career; and the fourth will be chiefly confined to those anecdotes which will but illustrate his character as a man." To these are added a list of all the writings of this remarkable man, arranged in the order of their production, and a chronological list of the events of his life. The

style of the work is elegant and easy;— it is very well got up by the Harpers, and we venture to predict will well repay the trouble of perusal.

VILLAGE BELLES.—A novel in 2 vols. 12mo. pp. (489.) New York, Harpers, 1833.—This little work has hardly a stirring incident in it from end to end, yet unpretending as it appears, it is replete with great interest; and the author has displayed a very extensive knowledge of the human heart in those relations which are hidden from the world in general, but which are calculated to form an important sum in the quantity of human happiness or misery in this sublunary state. The characters are chiefly of an every-day cast, such as we are in the habit of meeting with continually, and whose dispositions, conversations, and actions, are perpetually exhibited before our eyes, without eliciting either reflection or observation, or affording any lesson of conduct, although they are capable of explaining many of the sources of domestic misery, or of furnishing hints for the improvement of the moral condition. The writer must have lived much in domestic society; the details come before us with an air of versimilitude, and the conversations flow in that easy familiar tone which distinguishes the dialogues of real life from those of pure fiction. We feel as if assured that, in reading such a work, we could lay it down at any moment, and resume without an anxiety for the continuation; but the reverse is the fact. There is a quiet fascination, which draws us insensibly to read page after page, and, at least it has so happened with us, to regret that we *must* leave the story before we come to its catastrophe. In truth, we consider this novel as a remarkable one,—it has neither the hero and heroine of romance, the one famed for glorious deeds, and the other for patience and virtuous suffering; nor, on the other hand, has it the powerful attraction of national character or historical allusion; but simply it comes home to the heart, and we feel the truth of the picture. It conveys also an *indirect* as well as a direct lesson, for it seems to say that the book of moral conduct is before us, and that it is our own fault if we do not consider it and be wise.

POPULAR ESSAYS ON NAVAL SUBJECTS. By the author of "A Year in Spain," 12mo. (pp. 166,) New York. Dearborn, 1833. The essays, which form this little volume are extracted from the Encyclopædia Americana, by permission of the editor, and are thrown into this connected form chiefly for the benefit of the midshipmen of the United States' navy; they were originally to be found detach-

ed in that useful Epitome, under the heads *ship, navy, and navigation*. The compiler seems to have very zealously at heart the improvement and increase in knowledge of the junior members of this noble profession, and seems to regret that, in a maritime country like ours, there is not a larger force kept up, and more active steps taken to strengthen the cords of discipline, and keep up the spirit of enterprize. There are a number of useful facts brought together in this small book, and some interesting incidents related, calculated to rouse a feeling of emulation in the youthful mind, and inculcating that proper pride which young men should feel in being their country's defenders. The book is neatly done up in muslin boards.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—By the Rev. M. Russell, L. L. D., author of "A Connexion of Sacred and Profane History," "History of Palestine," "History of Egypt," &c. 2 vols. 18 mo. (p. p. 540). New York, Harpers, 1833.

The industrious and clever writer whose name is appended to this work is one to whom the reading public are much indebted. The subjects to which he has hitherto directed his attention were all popular and interesting, and the present one is by no means inferior to any that have gone before it. The singular man who is the hero of this biography, is one whom it has always been the aim and wish of Tories and aristocrats to vilify and defame. Whereas nothing is more manifest at the present day, than that he was a man of extraordinary talents, and possessed much more sincerity of purpose than the world has, until recently, given him credit for. The change of public opinion on the other side of the Atlantic, and the insatiable thirst for knowledge of all kinds, has brought to light papers and documents of which the world never dreamt, and Cromwell will henceforth stand pre-eminent among the master-spirits of the world, and will be found to be in no small degree a public benefactor.

We confess that upon taking up the book, and seeing Dr. Russell's name on the title-page, we had misgivings that it might be tinctured with the colorings of his own line of politics; but it is fair to say, that he has endeavored faithfully to do justice to his subject, and that we have before us a highly valuable piece of biography. To say that the work is well got up, would be superfluous; the press of the Harpers improves daily, and bids fair to rival in typography that of any other press in the Union.

THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.—By Charles W. Le Bas, M. A., professor

in the East India College, Herts, and late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.—2 vols. 18 mo. (p. p. 585). New York, Harpers, 1833.

This work forms Nos. V. and VI. of the Theological Library now in course of publication in this city. It is the work of the learned author of the *Life of Wickliffe*, and no man that we are aware of was ever better fitted for those tasks, than that Rev. gentleman. As a theologian, Mr. Le Bas has long stood in high elevation, and he is no less respected as a faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard.—Occupied as he is, in a most arduous course of duties at Hayleybury College, he yet finds leisure to cherish the literature of the times with the productions of his pen; and being, of all mankind, one of the best calculated to handle subjects so closely connected with the reformation of the church, he has brought to the task not only learning and talent, but a zeal in the cause, which would do honor to any Christian minister.

In a notice like this, it would be absurd to attempt to enter upon the merits of the book in detail. Let it suffice that besides the important transaction which it relates, it offers a specimen of the clear, perspicuous, and nervous style of writing. In no part of Mr. Le Bas' writing, whether for the pulpit or for the closet, does he ever adopt much of the florid or metaphorical style. He is plain and unaffected, always laboring rather to convince the judgment than to captivate the imagination. The present work is particularly valuable to the cause he espouses, among general readers, to whom it chiefly recommends itself.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH.—By a country parson's daughter. First and second series, 8 vo. (p. p. 260). New York, Harpers, 1833.

A little work of a decidedly pious nature, displaying scenes which are every way calculated to teach us the deceitfulness of the human heart, and the necessity of leaning upon the "Rock of ages" under the pressure of every species of dispensation with which we may be visited. Yet, though this be the aim and scope, we would apprise readers that there is a pretty playfulness, and innocent cheerfulness pervading the work, and it is interspersed with pieces of poetry of more than mediocre quality; altogether forming a book very fit for the parlor table of families.

THEATRICALS.—MR. AND MRS. WOOD. These distinguished vocalists have returned, after a short tour, to delight the ears of mu-

sical amateurs, at the Park Theatre; and to add to the gratification which their presence confers, the managers have got up one of Auber's most beautiful operas, the *Fra Diavolo*, which was brought out on the 13th. ult. with great success. It reflects no small degree of credit upon the performers of this theatre, that the first performance of a difficult opera by a company whose sphere of action, is far from professedly musical, should have been effected in so respectable a manner as it was on that evening. There was hardly a deficiency among the parts, except once during the conviviality of the soldiery in the beginning, nor was there a gap, to call forth marks of impatience except, once, when the curtain was kept down very long between the second and third act to give time to Mr. Wood to change his dress. This by the way was a defect in the playwright, who should have managed better than to let the principal singer be engaged to the last moment of one act in a magnificent dress, which he would have to change; and to make his appearance at the opening of the next in another and very different costume. The audience however, maintained a very laudable government over their impatience which was only exhibited by a whistle or two.

We suspect that the music of *Fra Diavolo* is almost too good for us; several of the most beautiful points in the choruses being received without the slightest expression of emotion. This was in some degree to be accounted for, from the thinness of those choruses, in which the almost total absence of the bass was too manifest;—their beauties, indeed could only be ascertained by a close attention to the Orchestra, and we must again and again, intimate that the managers will never make their house even respectable for opera, till that important part is found among their vocalists. There were nevertheless numerous beauties which told as they ought to the ears of the auditors, and surely, as regards the two principal characters, never were they in finer voice during their professional career. The full rich tones of Mrs. Wood, were no less distinct and no less beautiful in the septett than in solo, and she never degenerates into screaming. Her ballad, "On yonder rock," was delightful in the extreme; an encore was called for, but it is creditable to the public taste and feeling, that they did not persevere in it; whilst on the contrary, the beautiful barcarole "List thee dear Lady," which was delivered in the most exquisite taste by Mr. Wood was loudly called for again, and repeated.

To attempt a description of the powers of Mrs. Wood in song and action, would only be to repeat what has been said a thousand times. Her tones, her taste, her judgment are all that can be desired in a

cantatrice, and she possesses them as largely as she has ever, we could almost say, more largely now than ever. But Mr. Wood either never had his full measure of justice, or he has very greatly improved. The taste he displayed in this opera is such as would have gratified the composer, and that is saying much. The subdued tones of his *alto* in the quintetto "Oh rapture unbounded" although they barely allowed him to be heard, were so admirably confined as to harmonize and *fill in* the accompaniment in which his part consisted. Several other pieces in the first two acts were of the same subdued character, and would have led the hearers to imagine he wanted volume, but for the manly tenor with which he struck out in the opening piece of the third act.

Mr. Wood's figure is fine, his action graceful, and his countenance expressive. Altogether, he afforded us a high and delicate entertainment. We much regret the unfortunate introduction of the theme and its variations "Tho' far from thee." — The subject had no grace in itself, nor was it possible to impart much to it. Mrs. Wood did all for it that was possible, but little was that all.

We congratulate the musical world upon the appearance of this opera, which we think will rise greatly into public favor; — but we do hope that either the managers will voluntarily improve the state of the choruses as regards their bass, or that the public *will*, as they *can*, compel them.

We must not conclude without remarking, that those deserved favourites of the public, Mrs. Sharpe, and Placide, performed their several parts admirably, and sung with considerable judgment.

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THE OPERA-HOUSE. — At length this theatre, towards which the public attention has been so much directed, is open for the representation of Italian musical pieces. The house has been erected and finished in an inconceivably short space of time, and we cannot but congratulate our fellow-citizens in the acquisition of so elegant and national a place of amusement, and one so well calculated to soften and polish the manners, as well as refine the taste. In a government constituted like ours, where we do not look to a court standard of fashion, manners, and conversation, and where every citizen justly looks upon his fellow-citizen as his equal in all respects, except, perhaps, in wisdom or opulence, our deportment will naturally assume somewhat of a blunt character, and this persevered in, will carry itself in some degree into our attentions to the fair sex, and to strangers; the latter of whom not thinking how to account for it, may be

inclined to censure us for that which springs from a cause of which we are and ought to be proud. Liberty and equality. By means of such places as a well-conducted theatre or opera, we with our dresses put on our best looks, and which is of more consequence, our best dispositions. The coarseness — though that is a harsh expression — the unbending independence of action, which is our every day custom, yields for a time to the softer and more gracious style, in which we feel it our happiest duty to address the queens of creation met there to adorn the scene. A bridle is put upon man's looks, words, actions, nay, his very thoughts. The looks of beauty, modesty, virtue, sense, and happiness by which he is surrounded, throw a halo around him — he is no longer mere man, but something better, and that better feeling which is thus communicated by the female society on all sides, is reflected back on themselves, in the desire which man feels to be gentle with the gentle, and pure with the pure.

But let us descend from our "altitudes" and survey the scene. It is a beautiful little house. We say *little*, though it is perhaps large enough to be seldom more than comfortably filled, and large enough for every one to see and hear distinctly. In the construction of it also, there has apparently been care taken of those points. With regard to the internal decorations, the designs are good, but the colouring somewhat tawdry — perhaps we should rather say glaring. However all is new, and moreover, has quite a new appearance. Things may grow mellow with age, and improve that way. The conveniences for the audience are beyond all praise; but with the exception of the tier of private boxes, we think the stalls in front of the pit are by far the best seats in the house, at least for the critical.

One of the drop scenes, representing Italian peasants dancing in the evening to the music of the guitar is well done; there is a haziness over the picture, however, which hardly suits an Italian evening; and we suspect it is rather the want of finish, than a proposed design, which has produced this effect. The foliage, the city in the back ground, and the sea in the distant perspective are all very well displayed. The other scene, representing the return from the Olympic or other Grecian games, is a very paltry daub, the figures are wretchedly distorted, and we are under the disagreeable necessity of drawing our eyes back to them, notwithstanding the wish to examine the fine pile in the back ground, which is really in good perspective.

The company have brought out "*La Gazza Ladra*," and "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*." Both from *Rossini*. It would

hardly be fair to criticise the former yet, as it was produced in the bustle of a first preparation, and formed the debut in this country of the whole company engaged in it. We will therefore for the present dismiss it by merely observing, that the Signorina Fanti is an *artiste* of great taste, but of limited volume and compass. She is a soprano of much sweetness, and no doubt will improve upon us as we become more familiar. Of the "*Barbiere*," however, we must say more, and though at the hazard of being thought fastidious on the one hand, or deficient in judgment on the other, we must resolutely give our opinion with unbiassed candour, notwithstanding that we are not clothed with unqualified encomium,

"*Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was chosen for the first appearance of two Cantanti, the Signorina Bordogni, and Sig. Ravaglia. The former is one of the deepest *contraltos* that we have had the fortune to hear; her execution is extremely delicate and finished, but *she also* is without volume, and of very small compass. In solo, it is delightful to be at a short distance from the stage and catch her beautiful runs and cadences; but at the back of the house she must be very imperfectly heard, and it becomes really painful to listen to her in concerted pieces. We suspect also that all the music of the opera in which she takes parts, is pitched at least a note, if not more, below the original score, and we need hardly tell the musical world that this both destroys the design of the composer, and is injurious to the other singers.

Sig. Ravaglia is a good tenor, he also has taste, but like all the rest, he wants volume and compass. He very soon gets into falsetto, and does not cover the break so well as some tenors that we have heard. We are obliged to protest against the bad action of both these vocalists. That of the lady is absolutely nothing. We are aware of the part of Rosina—but if this be put on, it "out Herod's Herod;"—we fear it is native deficiency. That of the Signor is dignity travestied, and actually provoked us to laughter more than once.

Sig. Orlandi is a really sterling actor: his performance of the captions, jealous, hot-headed guardian (Dr. Bartolo) was a piece of genuine humor, and his singing was as correct as his acting. His recitative sat easy upon him, and upon the whole, we consider him as by far the most valuable accession to the company.

Sig. Porto was not bad in the music master, but like all the rest, except Orlandi, he wants volume. Orlandi is an excellent *mezzo basso*, and Porto ought to be what he is not—a *contra basso*.

But the man who should have been the crown of the piece, the Barber himself, did not equal the demands upon him. We have formerly had occasion to remark that Figaro is *not* a buffoon, but an intriguing, plotting, busy, fellow with comedy enough to amuse, but with cunning and design enough to interest the audience; and with regard to his singing, we have heard the part well performed in basso voice, but it *should* be played by one who can pour in a rich powerful and mellow flood of *baritone*. Sig. De Rosa, neither acted nor sung as Rossini intended and although we give him credit for a tolerable voice, he fell far short of the genuine *Barbiere de Seviglia*. The other characters were very respectable in their way.

Turn we now to the orchestra;—and here we are obliged in conscience, to lay on a heavier hand, than we found it necessary to use in describing the vocalists. We naturally expected here to find all upon a very superior footing, to that which is presented in the orchestra of the regular Drama, we concluded that all would be chaste, finished, *recherch*. Quite the contrary. The very instruments are not in tune, they do not keep time together, *piano* and *forte* are no terms in their music, but they scrape through their parts industriously. In accompanying the voice, it has always been the greatest exhibition of a leader's skill, to watch narrowly the sort of *ad libitum* in which all vocalists indulge more or less, and restrain himself so as to fall in with, or rather behind the voice, instead of which, here the orchestra scamper on, and drag the panting singer after them.

The gentleman who takes the elevated seat, may be, and in fact we know he is, a beautiful violin player, but he is a very bad leader. We say this in all candour. It does not detract from his ability as an instrumental performer, but the leader of a large and superior orchestra, undertakes a duty *sui generis*. His eye, his ear, his attention should be every where,—his own playing is of little consequence, the *principal second* as it is termed, will take care of that.

From the whole it will be perceived, that we do not think our opera has yet arrived at the very acme of perfection. But though that be the case with us, yet we conceive that our city has made a noble struggle for a commencement, and we doubt not that the Italian Opera in the Metropolis of the west, will gradually receive new improvements and accessions, under the patronage of a liberal public; and in time rival the establishments of countries, which have stepped before us in the race.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- BIOGRAPHY.**
 Autobiography of John Galt.
 Russell's Life of Cromwell, 2 vols. 18mo.
 Lee's Life of Cuvier, 12mo.
 Life of Col. Crockett.
 Adventures of the Chevalier Charles Stuart
 ——— Duchess de Berri, by Gen.
 Demoncourt.
 Le Bas' Life of Cranmer, 2 vols. 18mo.
- DIVINITY AND THEOLOGY.**
 Pious Thoughts for Daily Meditation, selected from Baxter, Fenelon, &c.
 The Jews and the Mosaic Law, by Isaac Leiser.
 Jeremy Taylor's Complete Works, new edition.
- FINE ARTS; AND ANNUALS FOR 1834.**
 Religious Souvenir, 8 Engravings.
 Friendship's Offering, 14 do.
 Oriental Annual, 15 do.
 Forget Me Not, 12 do.
 Token and Atlantic Souvenir. 12mo.
 Flora's Dictionary, by a Lady of Baltimore.
 The Pearl, 12 Engravings.
 National Portrait Gallery, No. 8.
- HISTORY.**
 Aikins' Court of Charles I. 2 vols. 8vo.
 La Pologne, 2 vols. 8vo. par Soltik.
 Essai sur l'Histoire des Arabes, 8vo. par Viardot.
- LAW.**
 Chipman on Governments.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
 Madden's Infirmities of Genius.
 Conner's edition of Scott's Works, 4th vol.
 London Nights Entertainments, by L. Ritchie.
 Bibliotheque Choisie de la Litterature Francaise.
 Library of Standard Literature. Burke, 3 vols. 8vo.
 Christian Library, vol. ii. part i.
 Principles of Modern Horsemanship adapted for Ladies, 18mo.
- Daughter's own Book.**
 La Libelliste, 2 vols. 8vo. par Marten.
 Destination de l'Homme, 8vo. par Fichte.
 Souvenirs et Portraits, 8vo. par Nodier.
 Fortifications de Paris, 8vo.
- NOVELS AND TALES.**
 Scenes in our Parish, 12mo.
 Works of Mrs. Sherwood.
 Edgeworth's Works, vol. viii.
 Waldie's Select Circulating Library, vol. ii
 No. 19.
 Greenbank's Periodical Library, vol. iii.
 No. 2.
 The Aristocrat, an American Tale, 2 vols. 12mo.
 Five Nights at St. Alban's, 2 vols. 12mo.
 Peter Simple, 2d series, 2 vols. 12mo.
 Richelieu, 2 vols. new edition.
 Canterbury Tales, 5 vols. 12mo.
 Les Jeunes France, 8vo, par Gautier.
 Rose et Blanche, 2 vols. 8vo. par Sand.
 Tom Cringle's Log, 2d series, 2 vols. 12mo.
 La Concaratcha, 2 vols. 8vo. par Luc.
 Plik et Plok, 8vo. do.
- PHILOLOGY.**
 Goodrich's Greek Grammar.
- POETRY.**
 Martin's Milton, with illustrations, 8vo.
 Colman's Broad Grins, 18mo.
- POLITICAL ECONOMY.**
 Contes sur l'Economie Politique, par Martineau.
- SURGERY AND MEDICINE.**
 The Hand, its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing design, by Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H.
 Baron Dupuytren's Clinical Lectures on Surgery.
 Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine and Surgery, No. 2, edited by J. Hays, M.D.
- TRAVELS.**
 Lieut. Cokes' Travels in the United States.
 Voyage au Etats Unis et aux Canada, 2 vols. 8vo.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

- Chatsworth.
 The Port Admiral.
 The Sketch Book of Fashion.
 Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry.
 Crichton's History of Arabia.
 Taylor's Social Evils and their Remedies.
 Rev. J. Forster's complete Works.
 Select Works of D'Israeli.
 Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine.
 James' String of Pearls.
 The Heiress, a novel.
- My Travelling Acquaintance, by the Author of "Highways and Byeways."
 Trevalyon, by the Author of "Marriage in High Life."
 The Coquette, a novel, by the Author of "Miserrimus."
 Prevention, or the Edict of Nantz.
 Short History of the Old and New Testaments.
 The French History briefly told.
 England and America.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with great regret that the Editor is compelled to apologise to the public for the insertion of two sonnets in No. IX. as original, which he has since discovered to have made their appearance in print before. It is of course impossible for any Editor, how careful soever he may be, to recognize at a glance from the nature of compositions whether they be original or not; all that he can effect is to scrutinize, to the extent of his ingenuity, the authenticity of all that may be offered, and to depend on the honor and ability of his correspondents for the rest.